

With H. P. Barton's compliments.

WHAT I DID IN "THE LONG."

JOURNALS HOME

DURING A

TOUR THROUGH THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA,

IN THE

LONG VACATION OF 1881,

BY

HARRY SCOTT BARTON,

B. N. C., OXFORD.

(For Private Circulation only.)

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The readers of the following pages will kindly remember that they are merely the Journal of a youngster, written as letters to his family, to record events for future reference, and to report progress. Composition and style were no more thought of than print. It has assumed its present form to satisfy the wishes of many relatives and friends who took a kindly interest in the doings of the travellers. The party consisted of Bertram (alias Joe), George Guestier, Henri Johnston, and your humble servant,

HARRY SCOTT BARTON.

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JOURNAL I.

Cunard Steam Ship, "Scythia."

July 16th.—Went on board tender at 12 o'clock, weighed anchor about 1.15. We watched our family on the tender till 1.40, then, having lost sight of them, went below, put our cabins in order, and spent the rest of the afternoon till 4 o'clock reading, &c., at which hour we retired below for dinner; after which remained on deck till 11.15., having written a few letters to be posted at Queenstown, which we made about 8.30 the following morning.

Sunday, 17th. We had not a favourable impression of this lovely harbour as there was a bit of a mist, which grew very thick about 10 o'clock, however, it kindly lifted a little about 11.30 when we went ashore, and having got hold of a jaunting car, took a jaunt into the country (after posting our letters and sending off a telegram) to a Mr. Smith Barry's place, a lovely place, but very much neglected as the owner never lives there. Having returned to Queenstown we lunched and went to the landing stage, having been told that the tender would leave at 2 o'clock; on our way we were beset by endless vendors of various goods, (matches, sticks, fruit, &c., &c.) while others tried to get our money without anything in return, but the "blessings of God Almighty" and wishes for a safe journey, &c., &c., all of which we turned a deaf ear to, until B. H. B. at last parted with a shilling in exchange for a very pretty lace tie, after a girl had badgered us for about a quarter of an hour, telling us she was sure there were plenty of young ladies we would like to give them to, &c.; not content however with what she had forced upon us she tried to make us take more, so I told her we would give her the basket in which we had bought some strawberries for another tie, which she very willingly did. The tender at last started at 2.35, and in a few minutes we were alongside of the "Scythia" which had already got under weigh and was steaming slowly out of the harbour. Soon after we had landed the fog lifted and we saw Queenstown harbour beautifully—it is a lovely little land-locked harbour. I forgot to say that on Saturday there had been no motion whatever on board, and it was not until about 6 o'clock on Sunday that we began to feel any motion, and even then it was scarcely perceptible. Soon after leaving Queenstown we got into a nasty damp fog, and as there was no

attraction on deck we turned into our berths soon after 10 o'clock. The Captain told B. H. B. that July and August are the months in which there is most fog. The hours of meals on board are, Breakfast 8.30 to 10; Lunch 1 to 2; Dinner 6 o'clock; and Supper 9 to 10.

Monday, 18th.—The fog has cleared off a bit and the sun comes out occasionally, there was more motion about the boat which gradually increased as the day wore on; we passed through a shoal of porpoises in the afternoon, and for some time there were three or four playing about in front of the bows of the ship, and it looked as if they must be smashed; it was awfully amusing to watch them dart along and then jump right out of the water, it is marvellous the pace they go. George and I spent a good long time in the Captain's cabin which had been lent to the Duncans for the voyage; we had our first "cocktail" which is made as follows, as far as I could see, some red liquor was put into a tumbler with iced water, and then Mr. D. cut the skin of a lemon and just wetted the rim of the wine glasses which he then dipped into pounded sugar, sprinkled the glasses with some bitters, then filled the glasses with the mixture in the tumbler "et puis voila," not bad tippie, but I shouldn't care to get screwed off it. This is rather a poor description of it, but I dare say I'll know more about it in three months' time. In course of conversation I found that Mrs. D. had had a son at Warre's at Eton. Before leaving the cabin I made myself useful by holding Mrs. D's wool while she wound it. The evening was not over fine and the other three turned into bed about 10 o'clock, and I followed about half-an-hour after, but not before I had found out the ringing of the "bells" which is as follows:—the watch is changed every four hours, and in that time the bells are rung eight times, *i.e.* every half-hour, so that (supposing we begin at 8 o'clock,) 8.30 is one bell, 9 o'clock two bells, &c., till 12 o'clock which is eight bells, then 12.30 again begins one bell, &c. I have not yet quite fathomed the mysteries of "the log."

Tuesday, 19th.—A glorious morning but *decidedly* more motion. The sea looked glorious when I went on deck at 8 o'clock, a lovely deep blue, and white horses in abundance. We had the "fiddles" on the tables to prevent the plates slipping off. Just before we went down to breakfast there was a rare big wave over the fore part of the ship, a regular swamper. There were not very many at lunch, B. H. B. was a missing link in our party—as indeed he had been for the two previous meals. Nothing exciting happened during the rest of the day. The dining saloon was only about half full at dinner, and Henri, although not actually ill, thought "discretion the better part of valour." When we went up on deck however, after dinner, the invalids were very fit, and we amused ourselves guessing (or rather trying to guess) riddles which Miss D. gave us. We also got into conversation with Francis Francis, "The Times" correspondent. He had been through part of the Zulu war, and knew a Barton out there—but not Bob, as far as we could make out; he had also been through Japan, and in the Turco-Russian war. The sea had

been calming down all day, and by the evening was only about half as rough as it had been first thing in the morning, when there was decidedly a "steady breeze." The night was very dark, and the foam on the sea looked lovely, so that it was past 11 before Joe and I turned in. I have not yet made any remark upon the passengers, about whom there is nothing very favourable to say, so I will merely say that they are chiefly a very second rate lot. There is a poor Dr. ——— and his little girl (a French Pole) who seems a very nice fellow, but the poor man is overcome with grief by the death of his wife. Besides him, as far as we have seen at present, there really are no nice people on board, except the Duncans and Sir B. Cunard, the latter is, I believe, engaged to Miss D.

Wednesday, 20th.—A nasty damp foggy morning but sea very calm, only the regular Atlantic swell. We were all at breakfast again, and I think all managed to make a very fair meal. George came down now looking quite the swell, having paid a visit to the barber—not before it was needed—and I am now about to follow suit. As to B. H. B.——!! he has most indubitably "got 'em all on." My visit was most satisfactory as the barber shaves beautifully. In the afternoon, B. H. B. and I played that aristocratic game of "pitch farthing!" at which I won a lot. A nasty fog came on in the evening, and about 10 o'clock it became very thick and the fog whistle started. There was a glorious sunset, and the wind has been almost dead against us the whole day, but the sea calm. Before turning in at 11.30, Joe and I went and stood right forward for a long time when we passed through a lot of shoals of fish which looked very curious by night, as the phosphorescent light on them looked very curious, they looked like huge long eels, and the general effect was very like those rockets which burst when in the air.

Thursday, 21st.—Sea about the same, fog still as thick as last night, and fog whistle still going. Joe has announced his intention of getting shaved. Wind still almost dead against us. Wilson (the Purser) tells Joe they have had bad winds almost every passage this year both ways. Head wind and fog continued all day, passed through a shoal of porpoises in the afternoon, and also through a lot of seaweed just before dinner. We got into conversation with a Mr. Shaw, an Englishman, a very nice gentlemanly sort of fellow, and a very keen sportsman, having shot in pretty nearly every country; he knows Sir Victor Brooke very well. He is now going out to shoot in the Rocky Mountains, where he expects to find chiefly stags of two or three kinds, the wapiti being the finest of the lot, also antelope and a kind of roedeer, as well as the Rocky Mountain sheep, a fine animal, which stands about 12 hands high (measuring at the shoulder) and huge horns curling back over the back of the head. The shooting however is not what it used to be, as they have been very much shot down. When we came out of dinner we found it pouring hard, so, after spending a wretched evening, turned into bed early.

Friday, 22nd.—A fine morning with a very calm sea. Fine all day and a glorious starlight evening. Saw some porpoises in the afternoon, and spent the latter part of the evening singing in the Captain's cabin.

Saturday, 23rd.—A beastly foggy, rainy morning, and sea very rough. However, as there was nothing to be done, I made myself as waterproof as possible and read; the sea kept getting up pretty well all the morning, and about 3.30 we had a very sharp squall, which however lasted only about a quarter of an hour, during which time however we got pretty well washed, as the wind kept blowing the spray all over us. We were under sail when the squall came on, but we had to shorten very soon as we kept heeling over awfully, one time the fore part of the ship must have been $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet or 2 feet deep in water as a huge wave came washing over us. There was an awfully amusing sight when the squall was at its highest, when a monstrous wave heeled us over, about six or eight people, who were sitting down, all went rolling over, hugger mugger, all of a heap; it was an awfully comical sight for the spectators, not so I expect for the "actors." Cunard (who has been across 28 times) says he does not remember ever having seen it rougher than it was just for that quarter of an hour. The sea however went down very quickly, and by 7 o'clock there was no wind but a long lollopping swell. It was a grand sight while it lasted, and I would not have missed it for anything, it gives us a faint (but *very* faint) idea of what a real hurricane or monsoon, &c. must be. The evening was beastly, fog and rain, so we turned in soon after 10. Just before the squall caught us we passed quite close to a vessel scudding before the wind.

Sunday, 24th.—A finer morning, but still the long heavy swell (which has a good deal to say for, I expect, this almost illegible writing of Friday and Saturday). Now for a shave! Weather continued fine all day. There was divine service at 10.30. We passed a great many vessels during the day. After dinner we were attracted forward by hearing the emigrants singing, and when we got there found that it was a service going on, after a few prayers one of the emigrants stood up and addressed the multitude. It was a fine night, although very dark, so Joe and I did not turn in till 11.30. We certainly have not had either favourable weather, or (with few exceptions) interesting passengers.

Monday, 25th.—A glorious morning, and glorious all day. George and I played "pitch farthing" with Mr. D., and afterwards an American joined in, who eventually cleared us all out. In the afternoon there was great excitement, as there was a black fin-like thing seen sticking up out of the water, which the knowing ones say is a shark, so I can now say I've seen a shark! We passed a lot of vessels during the day, but none very close. During dinner we took our pilot on board; fancy their coming out such a long way, they prefer taking steamers in to sailing vessels, and will very often pretend not to see the latter, as of course they take much longer going in and

do not draw so much water (the pilots are paid according to the number of feet a vessel draws), and when they take any vessel into harbour they are bound to take her out again, so of course these steamers pay them best. I don't think I have made any mention of the Lawrences, a Mr. and Mrs. and three little brats, I have not personally spoken to them very much, but they are with the Duncan's a good deal, and seem very nice people. Mrs. L. told George she hopes we would go and see her when we go to Boston.

The night was glorious and we did not turn in till 11.45. I guess this will be the winding up of my "log letters" on board the "Scythia." You must excuse me if I write some things which don't interest you a bit, but as this is my diary as well as letter you must excuse me, though they may not interest you, they are things which I don't wish to forget. I hope we shall catch the return boat to morrow, for the present—Adios!

H. S. B.



JOURNAL II.

Tuesday, 26th.—A fine day, but nothing worthy of note happened. We passed a lot of shipping, and whilst down at dinner the first land was sighted, and by the time we got on deck again there was a glorious sunset, and we saw the lights on the land quite well; at 9.30 we dropped anchor in "the narrows," *i.e.* the mouth of the Hudson river, where we lay all night and weighed anchor next morning (Wednesday, 27th) about 6.45, and got to New York at 8.15 a.m., where we landed straight off the boat on to the Cunard Line's wharf. We were unluckily unable to see the harbour of New York, as we did not wake till some time past 6. Mr. Jackson (the Johnston's agent) was there to meet us, and soon after Ernest and Pierre La Montagne came down. The luggage arrangements are very good, there are all the letters of the alphabet put up at a certain distance apart, and all the luggage is put opposite them according to the names, *e.g.* ours was put opposite B, George's opposite G., &c. They are pretty strict about customs, we had to open every single thing, and they really *looked* into them. We got away about 9 o'clock and went straight to L's house, where we left our things, and then round to the Club where we had a most delightful Turkish bath; after which we went and refreshed the inner man at Delmonico's, then back to the house where we put together the things we wished to take into the country, which done, we went "down town" by the elevated railway to L's office where we found father L. and two more sons, René and Maurice; after sitting there for a bit we took the 4 o'clock train down to their country place, at Far Rockaway, on Long Island, which we reached about 5.30, and found Madame and Miss L. and Madame L's sister, and also the other two boys, Edward and Albert. We were also introduced to Madame Ernest L., who is very pretty, we then went down to the sea (or rather an inlet of the sea) and had a swim, and came up to dinner, and soon afterwards turned in, and so ended our first day on American soil, and (especially as my opinions have not been at all altered at present) I will give you my first impression of New York, which is summed up in two words, "horribly disappointed." I expected to find a fine town, with decent streets and fine buildings, instead of villanously bad streets and very dirty looking buildings; well, yes, there are some fine buildings, but the private houses are very measly looking, the streets are certainly pretty broad; but what with the telegraph wires, which are just like a cobweb, and trams, I certainly was not favourably impressed with the mighty New York. This is my first impression, but whether it will be altered or not remains to be seen.

Thursday, 28th.—Having got together the most disreputable clothes *possible*, we four went out with René and Albert in the former's little sailing

boat, with the intent to catch blue fish, but, unluckily for us, the fish *were* blue, and not at all green, and so gave us no chance of making their acquaintance; but we had a most delightful sail, and did not recross the bar till 3 o'clock, having started at 10 a.m. The bar was pretty rough when we came back; however we were well steered, and got in quite dry, whereas the boat in front of us got a rare ducking. René did not like going in empty handed, so we hailed a boat and bought four fish—fine fellows, about 10 or 12 lbs. each. We fished by towing along a bit of lead about 4 inches long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch broad, with a hook at the end of it. The fish mistake these bits of lead for their smaller kind, or don't, as the case may be; unluckily in our case it was the latter. After we had crossed the bar we sailed up to Longbeach Hotel,—a *huge* hotel on a strip of land separated from Long Island by the sea and swamp. There are two or three of these hotels off Long Island. They are got up by companies, and people go down there from New York, but what they find to do I can't make out. One company lately started to build an hotel nearly a *quarter of a mile long*! Mr. L. told us. They built it, but have not money enough to carry it on. That will give an idea of the size of some of these hotels, although of course they are not all that size. People were rather astonished at our gets up, and certainly we *did* look awful roughs. We started back about 5 o'clock, and got in about 6 o'clock, having run aground on the sands about six times on our way. We then had dinner, and afterwards went to a Mrs. Dickeson's for fireworks, and afterwards there was some dancing. I was introduced to one young lady who danced fairly well; but oh the serpentine!—they dance three steps and then reverse or go backwards. We left at 12 o'clock, having all had enough.

Friday, 29th.—We went and had a bathe in the sea (not the inlet as before); the party consisted of Mrs. René, Miss L., and Maurice. There were some good breakers, but the tide was running out very strong, and one time I had quite a job to get back. We spent the rest of the day in preparing for the dance which had been got up in our honour. There were about 45 people there, and a piano and violin were the instruments. They were very good about introducing us, but I cannot say I was struck with the dancing. They dance the *trois temps*, but at the same time hop all over the shop. Their Lancers are somewhat different to ours. I can't say much about their habits now, as I have an awful lot to write up, but will do so another time. There was a slight supper, but very good, about 11.30, and everyone was gone by soon after 12.

Saturday, 30th.—Went to town, and put up our traps which we want for our Canada trip. Came down with Ernest, who took us to some pigeon shooting, and in the evening we had a very pleasant dinner. We were asked for 7 o'clock dinner, but did not get there till 7.30, as we did not leave the pigeon ground till 6.30, and then did not get dinner till about 8.30, and it was 11.30 before we had done.

Sunday, 31st.—Went to church in the morning, after which went and saw some new kennels they are getting up, as they have a (bag fox) hunt here, and also saw where they are going to have their steeplechase in October. The rest of the day we did nothing much.

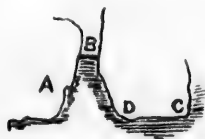
Monday, August 1st.—Left Rockaway by 6.55 train, reaching New York at 8.15, where a carriage took us to the house, where we picked up our traps, and off to the steamer, on the Hudson River, which left at 9.30. There was a bit of a mist at starting, but it soon lifted, and we had a real warmer! We went down to breakfast when we started, and by the time we came on deck the country was very pretty—at first on the left there was a perpendicular wall of rock, but soon after the country opened, and we could see some way round, it certainly was glorious—looks the Rhine into a cocked hat. My attempt at description of the scenery would give you not the faintest idea of what it is like, so I will not waste time and paper, all I can say is, that it beats any *river* scenery I ever saw as yet. The most splendid part lasts for about two hours, which they call "the Highlands;" after that it gets less hilly, but is still very lovely; and really the *variety* of scenery is wonderful, the last 1½ or 2 hours, however, is very monotonous. We reached Albany about 6.15, where we took the "cars" for Saratoga, which we reached about 8.15, and betook ourselves to the United States Hotel—a regular enormous American hotel, of which you can have no idea until you have seen them. I will here tell you of the American "check system" of luggage, which is certainly very handy. Instead of pasting a label on your luggage they tie a brass "check" on, and also give you one to keep. Just before arriving at your destination they come round and ask what hotel you are going to, give you a piece of paper in exchange for the check, and when you get to the station you have only to go to your hotel, where your luggage soon follows. After a slight repast, we turned into bed.

Tuesday, 2nd.—We were not up very early, and it was past 11 before we had done breakfast, so we strolled out to the race course, which is about one mile out of the town. We got there just in time to see the first race. It was grand to see the chap trying to start them, he wanted to get them all into line just like human beings; they must have been a quarter of an hour or 20 minutes at least trying to start them. Meanwhile the spectators got impatient, and began to stamp, and clap, and hiss, *ad. lib.* The course is sand instead of grass, and so when they did get off there was a cloud of dust round them. There was not that awful betting row, as the "ring" was quite outside, and each bookmaker had his stand and a slate on which were written the names of the horses, and the odds are written opposite them, so there is no row whatever. The second race was a mile and three-quarters, but, as far as I can remember, did not take quite so long starting, and was a very close race. But the third race was the amusing one; they were certainly over half an hour starting it, and the starter was in an awful rage,

and kept swearing he'd "suspend the whole lot of you, if you don't go further back," at which there was a general roar, and clapping, and stamping, and hissing. The jockeys were just like bags of potatoes tied on to their horses, and one little nigger jock had the reins twisted round his wrists, and held on to them like grim death—for fear he'd fall off, I suppose. But I must cut my description short, or I shall never have finished. The last race was a steeplechase, and the only jump I or anybody else could not have jumped on our legs was the brook, which really was a decent jump, but the others were simply laughable, one wall was $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 feet at most! But the corners they turned were really awfully sharp, though the pace was *not* tremendous, so they had plenty of time to turn. The course (steeplechase) is a perfect maze, as they go winding about all over the place. The length of the enclosed space is about half to three-quarters of a mile, and in that space (the breadth is about a quarter of a mile) they have 32 jumps (?) and the length of the race is about three miles I should think. Well, they took three hours for four races, though the last was a very tame start, as there were only four. Now I really must stop my account of these races, but not before I tell you they go on every day all through July and August. In the afternoon we drove out to the Geyser and Vichy Springs, which are both exceedingly nasty. After tasting them, we settled to walk back, and went up to an adjoining eminence, from where we saw the most lovely sunset I *ever* saw. The colouring was marvellous, and we stood and watched it till all the effect was gone, and we then walked back (about two miles) arriving here about 8.30. Had some food, and went to hear the band in the Congress Park; we also heard a she "squealer" squealing "A little summer shower." So much for our first day at Saratoga.

Wednesday, 3rd (M. F. B.'s Birthday).—We started with a pull at the Congress Spring, which was a little less nasty than the other two we had tasted, then back to breakfast, and afterwards Joe, G., and self went and presented a letter of introduction from Mr. L. to Judge Brady, who was staying at the Grand Union. We asked for him at the hotel, and were told he was out on the piazza listening to the band. His dress was described to us, so we soon found him with his wife and daughter (a girl of fifteen). They seem very nice people, and we sat and talked for some time, and then they took us to see their L. T. court, which they have put down in the garden of the hotel. They asked us to go and play there this afternoon, which we said we should be very happy to do, though I expect it will be a funny game, as the court (which is very much under size) is marked out with little bits of tape running in different directions—a crop of grass which would have done father's heart good to have seen on his meadows this year; and, in order to make sure of playing in the cool, there is a nice tree in each court. I shall certainly write to "The Field" when I get back, and advise them to adopt the style in England: it would be so much pleasanter to play in the shade; don't you think so? Besides, it would be such fun taking shots at the tree.

In course of conversation, the Judge happened to mention the name of a Charlie Clynch who is staying in the hotel, who turns out to be an old Bordeaux friend of George's. After a little more talky-talky, we returned to our hotel, where we found Henri had been making the acquaintance of a Madame Neuville, to whom he had a letter of introduction. We then wrote till 2.45, when we went and had some food, and Joe, G., and I took a carriage (two horses), and drove ourselves over to Saratoga Lake, about four miles out. Poor H. J. was unable to come, as he was wild with toothache. We started about 3.40 and got to the lake about 4 o'clock, we saw a notice to the effect that a steamer went to the other end of the lake at 4.30, so we decided to take that, however on our way down we saw a sailing boat, thinking it would be preferable to the steamer, Joe suggested our taking it, so we went and asked Mr. Moon if we might have it, and to the question "I suppose you know how to manage her" we boldly answered (though I fear with a slight deviation from the truth) "oh dear yes"! accordingly old M. sends a boy to "fix us out" and we started with a fresh breeze blowing right in our teeth, however nothing daunted, Joe lays hold of the tiller and off we go, but not quite in the direction we wished, for instead of standing out to sea, the silly thing jibbed and refused to obey either whip or spur, and we as near as possible ran back on to shore, when suddenly she went about and we started off on the other tack, but only to run into a sort of landing stage where they were building a steamer; she absolutely refused to leave this until we got shoved off, and then somehow (but I don't know *how*) we got out and then got on somewhat slowly as the wind had dropped pretty considerably; but nevertheless we were *indubitably* moving, but somehow she would *not* go on the starboard tack, and so we had to let the disagreeable thing have her way and keep edging along on the other tack; we had great discussions as to whether we ought to keep our sheets tight or slack. However on we went, slowly but surely, gradually we went slower and slower until we scarcely moved, and we came to the conclusion that we were becalmed in the middle of the lake, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from our starting place; so I had to get out our one and only scull and scull from behind (sea fashion, *i.e.* by turning the scull from side to side), we had gone a little way like this when we saw the steam launch coming to tow us in, and so ended our eventful sail on the Lake of Saratoga. I forgot to say that the stupid boat had not the sense to turn herself when we wanted to go on a different tack, and we had to shove her head round with the scull. Not content with being *on* the lake we thought we must go *into* it, so we went up to the house and asked where we could bathe, and they told us to go out to a point of land about one mile distant, but they had no towels; however we said "blow the towels, we'll dry without them," so off we started; but to make it clearer I'll give you a little ground plan.



- A The House.
- B The Bridge.
- C The Bathing Place.
- D Point where we discovered our mistake.

We left the house and went round over the bridge, and round by the road to the point C, where we had to wade for about 30 yards before we got into deep water enough to swim. We dried ourselves by rubbing ourselves, and then set off home, but as it was then 7.40, and our dinner was ordered for 7.30, we thought, instead of going round by the road we would make straight for the bridge; however, if we did, we only found ourselves at the point D, and had to strike across through an awful thick wood, and we found we were surrounded everywhere by a beastly bog and awfully thick underwood to get through; however, we floundered on and on, getting awfully wet and hot, and getting into worse and worse going as we got on; however, on we scrambled as best we could, and at last got the road, and got back to the house at 8.30, in an awful state, and an hour late for our dinner; however, our ardour was not damped, and we agreed we would not forget Minnie's 25th birthday in a hurry. When we got well out of the wood George told us a serpent had passed between him and me when we were in the bog! Mr. Duncan had told us to order bass (a kind of fish), and owls! for our dinner. This we accordingly did, and they certainly were *very* good, and with the former we had potatoes done up most deliciously. It is a "specialité" of Moon's, and is excellent. The owls are really young game which are not allowed to be shot, but they *are* shot, and as they don't like to call it game openly, they call them owls. These two courses, with iced cream and two bottles of champagne (for, as you may imagine, our afternoon's amusement had given us a good thirst) completed our (excellent) dinner; for which by the bye we had to pay 16 dollars! or about £3 4s.—nice and cheap! We began by drinking the Goat's health altogether at the first sip, and having drunk absent friends, &c., &c., finished up with our own health, and a safe return. We then got into our trap, and drove home, and, my hat! but they did just go. I don't think we were more than a quarter of an hour coming back! I forgot to tell you that about half way there, as we went, one of our nags cast a shoe, or else we should most likely have driven round to the Sulphur Springs, at the other end of the lake, but I'm sure we should not have had such fun. I also forgot to say that on Tuesday, p.m., we sent up our letter of introduction from Mr. L. to a Mr. Travers, who is staying in the hotel; he appeared, after keeping us waiting about one hour, and has very kindly given us two letters for people at Newport.

Thursday, 4th.—Had a pull at the Columbia Spring, and went and called on Madame René's mother. The rest of the morning has been spent in writing; and I must now shut up as it is time to get some food before driving out with Mrs. René's ma. I forgot to say that on our return last night we found Henri minus a tooth, which he had had taken out, and this morning he had another stopped. I really must shut up now. Hoping you have enjoyed your trip.

H. S. B.

JOURNAL III.

Thursday, 4th (*continued.*)—I am now writing on the Piazza of the Fort William Henry Hotel, on the edge of Lake George (Saturday, 5.30 p.m.) We got back from our drive at 6 o'clock, and went and had our game of Lawn Tennis with the Bradys (or, as G. calls them, the Brandies!) We played till 7.15, and the Judge asked us if we would not have supper with them and go to their "hop" afterwards, which kind invitation we accepted with thanks. Whilst we were playing, the band of the 7th Regiment (a sort of militia), came into the hotel gardens with a part of the regiment. The band was somewhat of an inferior sort, and the uniform was very curious, and I should think *not* very practical. At 7.15 we retired to our hotel, dressed, and were back at the Grand Union by 8 o'clock. After waiting a long time we got our supper, and then retired to the ball room, a splendid room, kept for dancing only. The floor and the music were both very good, and two or three good partners would have made it perfection. I was introduced to a Miss B——, not a bad dancer. There were some very curious specimens of humanity. The entertainment was brought to a close at 11 o'clock.

Friday, 5th.—We had intended leaving for Lake George by the 8.40 a.m. However, the Judge offered to take us to Judge Hilton's place, a large park of 400 acres, about one mile out of Saratoga, so as we were not tied down to any particular day, we accepted the invitation, the more readily as he told us it was almost the only place of the kind in the whole of the States, as there are no parks over here as we have in our country. We left the hotel at 10 o'clock, and drove up to the house, and were shown all over it by the daughter of the owner. It is (like nearly all the houses in this part of the country), built of wood, and most *beautifully* fitted up with everything which money could purchase, and at the same time arranged with great taste. The bedsteads are all of the most lovely carving or rare woods; the mantel-pieces are all very pretty, being of wood with a looking glass at the back. They have also most beautiful little marble statues, and huge carved vases of alabaster and white marble, from Italy; lots of old French clocks, &c., and old furniture to any extent, as well as imitation old; some splendid bronzes too—in fact everything you could possibly think of, and, above all, a most perfect system of ventilation, and all this, we were told by the Judge (Brady), is merely the scum and refuse of their house in New York! After seeing all over the house, we went out to the stables, about which the less said the better. We then drove back to the hotel, which we reached soon after noon, where we parted with our friend the Judge, who expressed the desire that he

would see something of us when we got back to New York. He really seems a nice old chap, and was most kind and good natured to us. The wife of a Judge is a lady over here; the daughter is a jolly little thing, and they don't give one the idea of being very American; in fact we are beginning to think that the really respectable Americans don't "guess," &c., so much, although of course there is almost always a certain something about them that denotes their nationality. We left by the 2.40 p.m., and arrived at the Glen Falls about 3.45, where we took the coach on to here—nine miles from Glen Falls. The road was very pretty as we came along, but we could not see the country at all well as there was such a haze. We were in an awful state by the time we got here (5.45 p.m.), what with the heat, which was "intense," and the dirtiness of the railway, which had the same æsthetic propensity, viz., "intense," so we were not sorry to have a dip in the lake, after which we had supper, and after an ineffectual attempt to get a boat, turned into bed.

Saturday, 6th.—The haze was still thick, so we could not see the beauties of the lake; it promised to be a rare piper, so after a dip in the lake we started at 9 o'clock for a tramp up an adjoining hill, more with a view to exercise than with hopes of a view. It soon began to be very warm, and before we had arrived at the top (11.15), we had lost a good deal of superfluous flesh. We got down to the hotel about 12.30, and Joe and I had a dip in the lake, the other two preferred a bath, after which we did justice to our dinner, (especially the liquor), and then tried to write, but with not much success. At 4 o'clock we went out fishing, and I actually caught three fish (bass.) George was the first to get his line out, and feeling a pull, asks what he is to do with it, and when we all told him to pull it in he swung it round into my face!—real jam for me! At 6 o'clock we saw a storm coming up, so came in, having caught 18 fish altogether (we four and the man.) Having nothing to do before supper, we had another dip, during which time the storm came up, and it began to pour, and never ceased till 12 o'clock this (Sunday) morning. In the evening there was a cotillion, and the evening before there was also a bit of a hop.

Sunday, 7th.—Poured until 12 o'clock, so we wrote all the morning, and in the afternoon, at 4.30, Joe, G., and I started out for a stroll, and were not back till 8 o'clock. We strolled along for about four or five miles along a very pretty road, with a most beautiful fernery for the best part of the way. We measured one huge frond; it was about 4 feet long, and about 14 inches across. We took some of the seeds, but I don't suppose they will come to such a size out of their native soil. I certainly never saw such a mass of ferns of all sorts, and the variety of trees too was wonderful. We came back through the woods, where we found maidenhair growing in masses as close as it could possibly be crammed. It is not quite the same as our English fern, and is of course much coarser, (no joke intended.) I have got some seeds in the faint hope that they may grow, but it (like the other fern), wants a very

moist soil. We have not at present seen a great quantity of birds, but then we certainly have not had very favourable weather for them, nor have we seen very many wild flowers.

Monday, 8th.—Left Fort William Henry Hotel at 8.45 a.m., and arrived at the other end of the lake (33 miles), about 12 o'clock, at a place called Baldwin. I will attempt to give you some idea of Lake George; although 33 miles long you never see more than about half that distance, as it is so full of islands (varying in length from about three-quarters of a mile—though very few are as big as that—down to mere rocks), so you are not wearied with a huge expanse of water with nothing to break the monotony. The wooded slopes of the mountains too descend to the very edge of the water, and there are little chalets and houses here and there, and in the back ground there is always a range of mountains. In some parts the mountains are very bare, and come down shere into the water. At Baldwin we took the train (five miles), to Lake Champlain (126 miles long, but only 12 miles at the broadest, while at one part it is quite narrow.) The first hour there is nothing extremely striking, but after that it becomes simply lovely. On the left side you have the mountains quite close above, and for some time they come right down into the lake, sometimes in beautiful shelving rocks, with a few trees; at another time a broken mass will come straight down into the water, while on the right the ground is slightly undulating, sometimes cultivated, sometimes with woods, and then right far away in the background rises a most perfect ridge of mountains. As you get more north the lake widens out, and the hills on the left stand back further, and it is quite different scenery. But just about here (Burlington), it is not quite so pretty, and the lake is about its widest. I forgot to say that the hills on the left are the Adirondacks, and are very curious and grand scenery, on account of the mountains, passes, and lovely lakes (according to the guide). We arrived here (Burlington), about 5.30 p.m., and took a stroll round this not-particularly-inviting-looking town, returned to our hotel (American), at 7.30, and after dinner wrote our diaries ready to send off to-night. Tomorrow we go over the lake to see a wonderful chasm (Ausable), and intend taking the 9.20 train into Boston tomorrow evening, which lands us there about 8 o'clock next morning, and then, after two or three days, on to Newport. We expect letters at Boston, as we received a telegram this evening from La Montagne asking us where he should forward letters to. The man is evidently anxious to turn out the gas, so I will "dry up" with love to all from

H. S. B.

JOURNAL IV.

Tuesday, 9th.—Took the 8.45 boat across the lake to Port Kent, where we arrived about 9.45. There was quite a strong wind blowing, and there were quite little waves, which gave us a bit of motion. At Port Kent we took the coach to Lake View House (3 miles), and from thence set out on foot for the Ausable chasm, a three minutes' walk brought us to the river Ausable; it is not a very big river and comes tumbling over some rocks, but from no great height, then about 500 yards below, it flows over some other falls—the guide book says 70 feet, but I should think it was a short 70 feet—however it is very pretty; about 300 yards lower down, the river flows over the horse shoe falls, and instead of being about 80 or 100 feet broad, becomes about 20, and consequently rushes along with tremendous force through a gorge or chasm of about 2 miles long, being sometimes not more than 8 or 10 feet wide, and the rocks go straight up for about 80 or 100 feet, the effect is very grand, and along the sides there are great fissures covered with small trees and ferns; steps and railings have been fixed along the side, so you can go the whole lengths of the chasm, which in many places is crossed by bridges; after about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles the chasm gets narrower still and the rocks on both sides come shere down for about 120 feet, and as the stream is free from rocks they have a boat which holds about thirteen people, and they take you down this very narrow part which lasts for about 40 or 50 yards, and then into a more open pool, after which you shoot the rapids, which are about 30 or 40 yards long and bubbling and boiling up all round you; but the men manage the boat most beautifully—there are two men, one at each end, and they guide the boat entirely with Indian paddles, the boat is the same shape both ends and very high at sides; I forgot to say we had some miniature rapids in the first narrow bit, and there is a very strong current all the way through, as there are no rocks it is perfectly smooth, though you can see that you are going down hill all the time—so steep is the incline—it has a most curious effect seeing the water all on a slant, we watched the return boat coming back empty—they always land you after going down the rapids—and they must have hard work to get back, we could only see them coming up the narrow part, as after that the stream takes a sharp bend, they paddle up the part where there is least stream, and then haul themselves up by means of ropes fixed to the rocks when coming up the small rapids; but when coming up the big rapids (one of the men told us) one of them gets out and tows the boat up, it must be fearful hard work. Having landed we walked back to the hotel, where we fed, and after dinner, as we had to wait two hours before the coach started, we walked back to the lake and there waited $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours for the boat, which made its appearance at 5.15, and landed us at Burlington

about 6.15. We then had supper (and some *delicious* honey in comb), but the wine (St. Julien ???) was such filthy stuff we were obliged to leave it. At 9.20 we took the train for Boston, (we had telegraphed for four places in a sleeping car,) which we reached at 9.40 a.m., the next morning.

Wednesday, 10th.—Arrived at the hotel (Parker's House), we found that they could only give us four separate rooms on four different stories, however it couldn't be helped, and as we were not staying long it didn't matter very much; after a wash and some food we set out on our tramp to deliver our letters of introduction, but, with one exception, they were all out of town, as there is absolutely no one staying in town now; the one exception was a Mr. Rotch, a business man, who very kindly told us what was to be done, so after sitting with him for a few minutes we set out to see Harvard College, one of their Universities over this side—there are about 1300 students, and about 4 or 5 separate houses used as dormitories, which different people have given to the University; their system seems something like ours, but very different in some respects, for boys go there as young as fourteen, sometimes when they get through their exams. at the public schools; they each have a bedroom, and a sitting room for two; there has lately been built a large hall in memory of the students who fell in the civil war. It is a huge building, and in a few years will look rather well, but it is only about 2 or 3 years old now. After Harvard College we walked out to Mount Auburn Cemetery, but on the way H. J. and I turned off to see Professor Longfellow's house, which is (with all due deference to the great man) about as ugly a thing as ever it was my misfortune to set my eyes on—a square wooden house painted a lightish yellow, with blue shutters—after gazing at this “discordant harmony” for a few seconds we went after the other two whom we found waiting for us in the cemetery, of which the “tout ensemble” is very pretty and very well kept, but the tombstones themselves are all of them very ugly, not one nice one did we see; after looking about there for a few minutes, we took the tram back to Boston, where we took a pleasure steamer and went out to a little island where there are a lot of large hotels and people go out there in the evening to dine; after about twenty minutes on the steamer we came to the end of the island where we took the “cars” for five or ten minutes, which brought us to (evidently) the favorite hotel, here we had dinner and afterwards listened to an awful band for about a quarter of an hour; we then took the train back to the end of the island, and got back to Boston city about 11 o'clock. Mr. Rotch had told us it was quite “the thing” to do and so we did it, but I shouldn't care to repeat the dose, as the people were the funiest lot I *ever* saw, I don't exactly know what they were—shopkeepers &c., I should think.

Thursday, 11th.—We had settled to take a 10.45 a.m. boat out to an island called Nahant, which Rotch had told us was very pretty; it is a little island covered with little chalets, where people who wish to be quite quiet go out in the summer. Moreover, two people, to whom H. J. had letters, were staying there—the Amoreys and the Bradleys. There are two Amorey

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couples, an old couple, and their son, married to the Judd's old governess; and it was to her that H. J. had his letter. I was forgetting that we are not yet on board the boat, in fact some hours from it; for not being certain of our way to the wharf, and not having started any too soon from the hotel, we were just in time to see the boat moving off; and as the next boat was not till 2.30 p.m., we spent our time by going to the Boston Museum (where there was the greatest collection of rubbish I ever saw, with a specimen of a mermaid caught off the coast of Japan, and the warrant to execute Charles I.) Then on to the State House, where there was absolutely nothing to be seen, except a great collection of old standards—all very interesting *in its way*! After seeing these varied works of nature and of art, we returned to Parker's house, where, after writing for a little, we had some food, and started off to catch the 2.30 boat, and this time with more success, and in an hour's time landed at Nahant Island. As we had not the least idea where these good people lived, we went up and asked an old gentleman if he could tell us where the Amorey's house was, whereupon the old boy told us to hop into his carriage and he would take us there, as he was a cousin of theirs. So in we hopped, and he dropped us just outside their gate, and in we walked; and, having agitated the communicator, out comes an old lady, whom Henri tried to introduce himself to, but the old girl was awfully deaf, and pulled out her ear trumpet, which manœuvre Henri didn't quite understand. However, he very soon saw what was up, and, after bellowing into the old lady's ear, she went in and called her hub., who was more get-on-able with, and a very nice old chap. After a few minutes, Mrs. A., junior, appeared on the scene, and was almost mad with joy at seeing us, and talking about everyone. Afterwards her hub., appeared, and after talking some time they told us we must stay for dinner. They were so kind and hearty that we had nothing to do but to accept, although we had fed only just before starting. We had to leave soon after dinner, as the last boat back to Boston left at 6 o'clock, so we had not time to go and see the Bradleys. We got back to Boston soon after 7 o'clock, and having nothing particular to do, I went to see "The Mascotte" with Henri and George, whilst Joe went back to the hotel to write. The theatre was a very fair sized one, but the performers were decidedly poor. We did not expect to see anything very great, but we had nothing else to do, and the other two had seen it in French and said it was very amusing and pretty.

Friday, 12th.—We left Boston at 11.30 a.m., and got to Newport at 2.15; but before going further, I must give you my impression of Boston, which is a much more favourable one than that of New York. It is certainly a very fine town, with fine buildings—not public ones, but shops and companies, &c., &c.—and fine streets, which are not at all badly paved; and the telegraph and telephone wires (of which there are quite as many as in New York) instead of being put up in the street on poles, are laid on the tops of the houses as in London. Some of the private houses too are very fine, and look well kept; the streets are crammed with tramways running

in every direction; a hired carriage is hardly ever to be seen about the streets. In the middle of the town there is a very nice public garden, laid out with flowers, and a miniature Serpentine. The *toute ensemble* is very pretty, though whoever laid out the beds had not much idea of colouring, as pinks, scarlets, and various red geraniums, are put together in a very inartistic manner. Next to this flower garden there is a small park, with only grass, and a large statue on the top of a bit of a mound; in fact, altogether I was very much struck with Boston. But the contrast is very great after those old German towns, and towns on the Continent, for after you have walked through a town you have seen all there is to be seen—there are no galleries or collections to see; but of course one cannot for a moment expect it of such a new country. Well, after all that about my opinion of Boston, I may as well continue my narrative. After some food, and a change of garments, we sallied forth to leave seven letters of introduction, and thinking it the simplest way, took a carriage, told the driver our list of people, and told him to take us to them all, beginning by the furthest off and ending up by the nearest. We found all our people were out, except one man, a Mr. Barton French, (whose crest, funnily enough, is the same as ours) and two of them are out of town. By the time we had finished it was 6.30, so we went down and had some supper, and while there a Mr. Royal Phelps came up to us, and asked which was Mr. Johnston. We could not make out who it could be at first, but he introduced himself, and after enquiring how long we had been here, &c., said he would go and put down our names at the Casino, where everybody goes, it being a regular lounge. There are four or five not bad lawn tennis courts, a real tennis court, and a bowling alley, reading rooms, restaurant, and a very good band. There is also a club attached to it for cards, billiards, &c., but for this there is an extra subscription, and for this he did not put down our names. After he had brought us back our tickets, we took a stroll down to (what they call) the cliffs, which are not very high—only about 30 feet—but they go down straight to the water's edge, and the waves splashing up against the rocks looked awfully pretty in the full moonlight. (I must shut up this for the present, as George persists in reading out his diary, and making a fearful row, so that writing is out of the question!) At last he's done, and now to gather my scattered thoughts. We (when I say we, I mean Joe and I, for George was too lazy to go as far as the sea, and Henri had gone to the Casino) sat there for some time (or, as they would say here, "quite a while,") and were very loth to leave, it did look so lovely.

I forgot to say that after our visits we went and saw an old boatman who had been recommended to us by Mr. French. He is a charming man, and was born in England, but soon after came out here.

Saturday, 13th.—We started by walking down to the sea for a dip; after which, having had breakfast, we went to the Casino. Looked about a bit, and having found out that to play you had to put your name down on a slate and wait your turn, Joe and I wrote our names down for a single.

We had not long to wait, and we had a very good game, having hired some very decent racquets. When we first began there were very few people there, but "fast they came by twa's and twa's, and then they came by swarms," and by the time we had played our first set there was quite a crowd of people. They were most casual in the way in which they strolled across our court without so much as "by your leave." Just a few yards from our court there were one or two nice shady trees, so everyone came and congregated there—much to our discomfort, as we were always afraid of hitting amongst them, which we actually did once or twice. And then they walked quite close to the line, so that if you were running about a bit, you were just as likely as not to run up against someone. Whilst we were playing, G. G. was being introduced to a good many people (H. J. was at the hotel) by Mr. Phelps, who seems a nice old chap. When we got back to the hotel we found lots of cards, and two letters asking us to dinner for Sunday night, one of which (Mr. Fearing's, to whom we had a letter of introduction from Mr. Travers, of Saratoga,) we accepted. There was a lovely breeze blowing in the afternoon, so we went and told our boatman (Martland) that we should like to go out. We did not get out till hard upon 4 o'clock, by which time the wind had dropped a bit. However, there was still a good breeze, and we went cruising about in the bay or outer harbour. Old M. is a very well informed man, and exceedingly nice, not a bit American. Our boat (which is the regular kind of boat used here) was what they call here cat rigged, *i.e.*, with only one huge sail; they are very handy boats, and seem very good. We got in about 6.30, having enjoyed our sail immensely. After some supper we went to the Casino, and then turned in, but not before we had found that they have got a few weekly papers (*Punch*, &c.) and one or two magazines. I forgot to say that we saw Miss Duncan at the Casino. She is here on a visit, without her parents; she was well dressed, and looked very nice. By the bye, I don't think I have yet made any comment on what we have seen of American society. We were told that this (Newport) was the place where we should see the fashionable American society, and certainly they are a far more respectable-looking lot of people than we have yet seen. And as to the frights we saw at Saratoga! I fancy, from speaking with different people, that Saratoga does not generally seem very much thought of, nor the people that go there. But this is very superior to Saratoga in every way. There is plenty to do, if you like, or if you like, you can swagger about in a top hat and patent leathers, wear half a dozen different suits in a day, go to the Casino in the morning, and drive in the afternoon. Talking of driving, they are, without exception, the poorest set of whips I ever saw, from a cab driver to a man driving a team (of which we have seen four or five since we have been here), they *all* drive with a rein in each hand, and the consequence is, the horses lollop along in an awful way. And then their idea of what horses are suited to what carriages! A lady in a tea cart drives a huge lumbering horse, a cross between a farm horse and a good wheeler in a team; then a little sort of pony carriage will have a pair of huge camels. And they get the poor

animals' heads stuck up right in the air with the bearing rein; and the tops of the coachman's breeches begin about the middle of the leg, and finish off just above the ankle! In fact, I cannot say that I am favourably impressed with American driving. As to the fair sex, I don't think, from the specimens we have seen at present, that there is much fear of a daughter-in-law being sent home to you on approval from these parts. There are some extremely pretty (or I guess I ought to say "quite elegant") houses about here, and some very prettily laid out gardens; and really the palms that we see growing in the gardens (either planted or in pots) they are simply splendid. There is one house especially, near our hotel, where there are a rare lot of palms, and such beauties. There are also some fine stone houses here, especially that of Mr. Peabody Wetmore, to whom we (H. J. that is to say) have a letter of introduction, but we have not yet met him, as he has been out both the times we called. This is quite different from Saratoga, in that there are no enormous hotels, the Ocean House (at which we are staying) being the only one of any importance. I am more and more convinced that the really gentlemanly Americans have not as a rule got half the twang that their more vulgar people have, nor do they guess, &c., though of course they have different ways of expressing themselves; "quite" is a very favourite word here, in place of "very."

Sunday, 14th.—Went to Church in the morning, where we heard the Bishop of New York preach—about the state of the President, and the state of the times, party feeling, &c., &c.

After Church, we went down to old Martland, and told him we would go out fishing next day at 8.30 a.m. After dinner we took the fashionable walk, and at 7.30 went to dine with Mr. Fearing. It was quite a bachelors' dinner. He gave us a rare mixture of wines, including some Madeira of 1805!

Monday, 15th.—It looked rather ugly in the morning; however, we were off by 8.45, and after an hour's tacking against the wind we arrived at our fishing place, and, having let down the anchor, soon had the lines baited with bits of fish. G. very soon had a bite, but lost it, as, instead of hauling in his line as fast as he could, he took it quite leisurely. You have to haul in as fast as you can, or the beggars will run up the line and snap it off before you know where you are. A few minutes afterwards, H. J. landed a shark of about three feet long, and about the same number of years old: we soon stuck a knife into his head and sent him back again. We did not have a bite for some time after that, but before we left at 10 o'clock Joe landed a flounder, and G. G. and I each a blue fish, about ten pounds, which we afterwards sent to Mr. Fearing and Mr. Phelps. By the time we started back the wind had gone down a-bit: there was still a good breeze, and we were soon back. I never knew it was half so hard to steer when going before the wind. I forgot to say that old Martland let us steer nearly the whole time. Before going in, we stopped just outside the inner harbour, and fished for little sea perch (the biggest of which weighed scarcely two pounds), and flounders

which weighed about four or five pounds and were great sport to catch. About thirty-six of the former and seven of the latter, together with two black bass (about three pounds), an "old maid" or "devil" fish, completed our bag, and we returned about 5 o'clock, having enjoyed our day immensely. I had never steered a sailing boat before, and enjoyed it immensely: the old boy let me steer right into the harbour. Of course he always had his eye upon us when steering, and told us what to do. On our return we had some supper, whilst George and Henri went to dine with Mr. Phelps. He said he was afraid to ask us all at once, so he would ask us two another day. Afterwards G. and H. went to the Casino with him, his two grand-daughters and grandson, and their stepmother; Joe and I joined them at the ball room afterwards. There was a very good band; they were on a sort of stage at the end of the room, with some stage scenery round them, which had a very pretty effect. I did not dance, as I was not introduced until late in the evening. The dancing was nothing out of the way; there were some nice dresses there, but all the ladies were dancing in their hats! We went away soon after 11 o'clock; a great many people had already gone, and I fancy it was over very soon after. By the bye—just for my own benefit as a memoir—on Saturday afternoon, just before coming in from our sail, we went cruising among all the yachts which were lying at anchor in the inner harbour, of which the biggest was 280 tons. It is the biggest yacht they have in the States: she is called the "Ambadress," and belongs to a Mr. Astor. I can't compare them with our English yachts, as I have never seen any, but Henri says they are not so pretty and do not look as smart.

Tuesday, 17th.—Joe and I went to play lawn tennis with the Miss Carolls (Mr. Phelps' grand-daughters) and their friends. We got away about 12 o'clock, and went to the hotel, and were just going off to the Casino to have some more lawn tennis, when George told us that Mr. Willing, whom only G. has yet seen, was waiting downstairs, and was going to take us to a Mr. Powell's house for some lawn tennis, so we all went with him, and found a really capital game of lawn tennis going on,—in fact they are about the best players here. After seeing them play, we two took racquets and made up a four. We were awfully out of it at first, as we could not get accustomed to our weapons, but we soon got accustomed to them, and had some good games. Afterwards Joe and I had a single, when Joe sprained his ankle, but as it did not hurt him much, went on again, though he was very lame when we got back to the hotel; however, this morning he is much better, I am glad to say. They all play up at the net awfully, but are rare good at it. After dinner at 3 o'clock we took a very dusty drive, and did nothing in the evening. Willing had told us we were to have an invitation to the Warren's big ball, but it didn't come, so we didn't go.

H. S. B.

JOURNAL V.

Wednesday, 17th.—A beastly morning and very cold with rain and east wind. After breakfast we found Mr. French outside on the Piazza, after a few minutes' conversation we went upstairs and wrote our diaries which we sent off to day; soon after noon we went to see if the Powells were playing lawn tennis, but found them rolling instead, we sat down and talked for a bit, and then came back to the hotel—finished writing, and then went to dine with Mr. French at 3.30 p.m. We had a very nice dinner, and like him very much, the son seems a very nice fellow. We did not leave there till 7 o'clock, when George and I did some shopping, then went to the Casino and red the papers (English).

Thursday, 18th.—Joe and I started with a dip, and at 11 o'clock went to play lawn tennis with Mr. Phelps' two grand-daughters (Miss Carolls) as we had promised, I played two sets and got beaten both times, after which we went away and started on our P. P. C., expedition, beginning by the Fearings and Wetmores; both of whom were out, so G. was the only one that got to know Wetmore (at the Casino on Saturday). Then back to the hotel for some food and afterwards to the Frenches, who were in, Willings out, then down to take farewell of old Martland and then to the Powells who we were glad to find at home, then back to the hotel, by which time it was 5.30. So we spent the whole day paying visits, and after 2.30 it poured all the afternoon—real jam! At 7 o'clock Joe and I dined with Mr. Phelps, and Mr., Mrs., two Misses and Master Carroll; we found out that they are Baltimore people and I fancy of some importance there; they asked us to call on them when there. After dinner the young ladies sang, and then Joe was called upon; after playing Chopsticks, need I say what he played? Before leaving, Joe asked the old gentleman what we were indebted to him for the Casino tickets, upon which he stared at Joe and after a very awkward pause said, "you will please mind your own business;" of course Joe said he could not hear of his paying for us, however it was no good, and so all we could do was to thank him profusely and submit. We were quite enchanted with the old man, he was so hearty and kind, and there was no "rot" about him.

Friday, 19th.—We had intended leaving by the 10.20 train to sleep at Mrs. Amory's, but H. J., who had been unwell for a few days previous, was not up to it in the morning, so we waited to see how he would be by the afternoon. In the meantime we other three went down to see if Martland was in, intending to have a sail, however, as bad luck would have it, he was out, and we had to amuse ourselves by a walk round by the cliffs; on our way

back George and I had a dip as there were some grand breakers, and on returning to the hotel found Henri much better and ready to take the 3 o'clock train on to Quincy (Mrs. A's village), which we reached at 5.20 p.m., where we found Mrs. A. had come to meet us with her carriage. Her house stands just above a navigable arm of the sea, on which George, Joe and I risked our precious lives in a little boat for a few minutes, together with a most enchanting old Scotchman who came over here 12 years ago thinking to make his fortune: we came back soon after dinner—(oh dear this close weather at N. Conway) has got into my head and what absolute *rubbish* I'am writing, but "courage mes enfants" what I meant to say was, we came back after a short row, to 7 o'clock dinner, and at 7.30 Mr. A. came home and soon after 10 we turned in.

Saturday, 20th.—Breakfast at 9 o'clock, and away we went about 10.20 to take the train for Boston which we reached about 11 o'clock, and having taken our luggage across to the Eastern "Depot" sloped about all the slums we could find for about an hour and then back to the "Depot" (*i.e.* Station) to take the 1.30 train on to here (N. Conway), which we reached at 6.15, after a most filthy journey, through a very thinly populated, and chiefly, very wooded country. For about an hour before getting here the country is lovely, although sometimes rather shut in by the woods through which the line passes. The lights on the mountains (or rather hills) were simply lovely, and their colouring too, was extremely varied. We found the hotel Kearsage, which seemed by the guide to be the best, crammed, however having telegraphed for rooms they managed to give us two rooms in a cottage about five minutes from the hotel with a biggish bed in each; after taking the thickest layer of dirt off we adjourned for some food, after which, and a short stroll, we turned in as we did not wish to "join the dance" which was going on.

Sunday, 21st.—George has been somewhat disturbed by Henri in the night. The clouds are very low and it is most awfully close; we went to church this morning, and since then have been trying to write, but what with the heat and George's music (?), which he always will give us when least wanted, I am sure I have written most awful rubbish. You may not be aware of the fact that N. Conway is the southern entrance to the White Mountains, and is situated in a pretty valley. To morrow we drive to Glen House (20 miles), starting at 7 o'clock, and arriving there in the course of 5 hours, walk up Mount Washington, sleep there, see the sunrise (??), and down to Crawford House Tuesday.

H. S. B.

JOURNAL VI.

Sunday, 21st (*continued*).—In the afternoon G., Joe and I braved the elements and walked out to Echo (?) Lake, and got back about 7 o'clock.

Monday, 22nd.—We left the hotel about 7.20 in a "buck board," *i.e.* a two-horsed four-wheeled trap, formed of a board about 3 feet broad and somewhere about 20 or 15 feet long, with wheels at each end and two seats fixed on this board (which is, I believe, larch-wood). In this vehicle we drove to Glen House (20 miles), which we reached at 12.40. The drive was an exceedingly pretty one, though the road was (as all their roads are about here) awfully bad; our road lay all through the valley; at first it was open on each side, but after about three hours we got into woods which lasted for the rest of the way. Joe started driving, and after an hour we stopped to see some falls which were a short way from the road; after this Henri took the ribbons and afterwards gave them to me, shortly after which we pulled up to water the nags. I must tell you that we had two carriages just ahead of us; well, we didn't see the fun of this and we thought we might as well pass them, so having backed a bit, as I saw we could not turn very short, I turned, however if I did I turned somewhat shorter than the trap would allow of and bent the off wheel somewhat out of the perpendicular; but being, as all their wheels over here are, very light, it was easily put back, we went on our way rejoicing, though of course we could not pass, and we had to drive somewhat carefully; however we got to our destination without any further excitement. Before getting there we stopped and got out to see the Glen Ellis Falls, a large volume of water flowing through a narrow channel, very pretty but nothing out of the way; after another $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour's drive we arrived at Glen House, a big hotel at the base of Mount Washington. We should have been there much sooner had not the carriages ahead crawled along so, and we could not pass them as the road was too narrow. I forgot to say that we had sent our portmanteaux round to Profile House by rail. The day was lovely till we got to Glen House, when the clouds began to show themselves on the tops of the mountains; however, after some cold food, we started to walk up Mount Washington (8 miles), having left our bags and wraps to be brought up by the coach, which was to start at 3 o'clock and would arrive at 6 o'clock. The carriage road is, for this country, rather a good one, but it is *really* awfully bad; being made of nothing but sand more or less beaten down, the consequence is that after a little rain they are at their best, after more rain they get heavier and muddier, and after *most* rain they are truly awful, and they are seldom very broad, so the carriages always go in the same place, and need I add the result—but to continue; after walking for about an hour we

found a signboard pointing to "Tuckerman's Ravine," so having plenty of time before us in we went, and whether we got to the ravine itself or not, I don't know, as after wandering into the wood for about 20 minutes the path did not give any signs of coming to an end; but certainly it was a most lovely wood, and all in such a wild state, ferns all over the place, but not so fearfully thick as we have seen them, and most lovely moss. We came across a very curious flower or fungus, I don't know which, it was very much like a single bluebell, only pure white—both flower and stalk—it looked exactly like wax and seemed to grow from a root, we none of us knew anything about it. About half an hour afterwards we came out into the road, but only a short way above where we entered. The clouds had already come down a bit and soon after it began to rain, so we took refuge under a bridge which crossed a stream; we stayed there about a quarter of an hour, but as it did not look much like leaving off, although it was much less than when we entered, we went on, and soon after it stopped raining; however, we soon got into the clouds, which got thicker and thicker as we went up, accompanied by a driving wind; however there was nothing to be done, so on we went, and at last reached the top at 6 o'clock—soaked through, as we had all left our mackintoshes at the Glen House (I don't know why the others didn't take theirs, but I clean forgot mine); however, the coach was (supposed) to arrive at 6 o'clock, so we thought we should not have very long to wait, and accordingly ordered some hot brandy and water and turned into bed, but having nothing else to do we set up a very mild chorus of "Fine hunting day," which however soon brought up a man who told us to "shut up that noise" or some such civil expression; having been told to shut up in that cheeky manner I need hardly say that our noise was *not* stopped until we were tired of it and got rather sleepy; but after about three quarters of an hour we began to think that the coach was a long time coming; at 7 o'clock we asked if it had not yet arrived and were told "yes, but your baggage is not yet unloaded," there was never a sign of a bell and we had sent all our wet clothes down to be dried; after about half an hour we began to get desperate, George walked about in a blanket and we all halloaed for "waiter or chambermaid," and at last they came up and told us to "shut our door and be quiet," so we told them to go to the — and bring up our luggage, and just as I had almost (and I think George also) made up our minds to go down in our blankets and fetch them up ourselves it luckily (for us) made its appearance, and then after that the men were most cheeky, and as we were innocently whistling and occasionally talking to one another through the walls, which were only wooden boards, one man had the cheek to come and tell us—"here you fellows just stop this row!" whereat we told him to hold *his* noise, began again and then went down to food which was not at all bad; after which turned in.

Please do not be surprised if to day's diction is somewhat scratchy and disjointed, but I am writing this on the Piazza of the Profile House, with a most glorious sunset lighting up the hills just by the hotel, and lots of people keep passing, so my thoughts are somewhat distracted.

Tuesday, 23rd.—We intended walking down to Crawford House to day, but the weather is just as bad as yesterday, with no signs of clearing up, so we took the 7 o'clock train down the mountain which landed us at Fabyan's House at 8.45 a.m., for which one hour and forty-five minutes we had to pay 4 dollars *each*. The railway is exactly like that of the Righi, though the engine and carriage are not built so slanting, so you are not sitting so perpendicularly as on the Righi; the incline is rare steep at times, and in some places it is one foot in three. When we got down we found that the clouds were not only *in* the mountain. At Fabyan's we changed cars for Crawford House which we reach in about ten minutes. We could not see very well as the clouds were so low, but it must be a pretty situation and it is a rare good hotel. Having refreshed the inner man, we walked through the Crawford Notch, which, as far as we could make out, was the name given to the beginning of a very pretty valley. The clouds had lifted a bit by this time, but every now and then they came down a bit and we had "a little summer shower," which however never lasted more than a few minutes. We passed two very pretty cascades, you could see the water falling from a long way up the mountain; the road lay in the wood at the bottom of the valley, with the mountains rising straight up on each side with most beautifully wooded slopes, though on the left the rocks were too precipitous to allow of trees, and they were a most perfect colour, especially when the sun shone on them; we walked down the valley for about two hours (as well as I can remember) expecting to get to the Notch, (as I had got into my head that the Notch was a very narrow pass between two rocks, and I believe Joe had the same idea,) however, on asking a man how much further on the Notch was, we were told that we had passed it some time ago, so I fancy the actual Notch was at the beginning of the valley into which we went, where it was rather narrow and the railway passes between the side of the mountain and a huge mass of rock on the left; after being told that we had passed the Notch we did not see the good of going on further as it was not as pretty as what we had already passed, so we turned up to the right and got up on the railway line which was somewhere about 200 or 300 feet above the bottom of the valley; on our way up we put up five young pheasants. We walked all the way back on the line, stopping occasionally either to eat raspberries (of which there were simply masses), or admire the view; we got a splendid view of the valley in general which is one of the finest of its sort that I think I ever saw. The opposite mountains did not of course look so fine as when we were under them, but there is a huge mass of rock at the opening of the valley and which forms the Notch itself, which was simply splendid, and the lights upon it as the sun shone on it was lovely—I don't know where I have seen rock so beautifully coloured. On our way back we saw two perfect rainbows down in the valley below us, and the effect was too lovely—the trees which were under the bow were lit up so that we could see every twig, and the trees we saw *through* the bow were coloured, of course according to the colours of the rainbow itself; we stood and watched it for a long time, and I don't think I shall ever forget the effect—I cannot describe it in the least—

both the bows were perfect with most perfect colours. When we stood just under the mountain of rock which forms the Notch and looked down the valley, it looked exactly as if you had taken a huge green carpet of various shades and held it up at each end. You could see nothing of the road, but it looked like one mass of green; what adds greatly to the colouring over here is that, instead of the trees being all the same kind, as they are generally in Switzerland and the Pyrenees, there is a great variety which gives a great variety of shades. On some few mountains there are nothing but firs, and the effect on one of the mountains just above Crawford House, called—I think—the Elephant's Head, is very curious; to about three-fourths of the way up the mountain there is a light coloured pine, then suddenly they cease and there is a very much darker sort which grows up as far as the top. I really don't think we could have had a better day for seeing the valley, for had it been a glorious cloudless day we should not have had half the colouring nor the rainbows—I never remember having enjoyed a valley walk more. We got back to the House about four o'clock, and as we had nothing to do (we had not taken our diaries with us) we strolled out in the opposite direction, but as it was not interesting we soon retraced our steps. After writing some letters we had supper, and afterwards having purchased some cards, Henri and I were initiated into the mysteries of whist by the other two, then after finishing our letters we turned in.

Wednesday, 24th.—We had settled over-night that if the weather looked hopeless we would go by rail to Profile House, but if it looked at all like clearing up we would drive there (26 miles); accordingly, finding that at 7 o'clock it looked hopeless, as the clouds were more than half-way down the mountains and looked very heavy, we took the "cars" at 8.35 a.m. and arrived at Profile House at 10.20 a.m., having changed at Fabyan's and Bethlehem. Here the clouds were just about the same, so, as it was useless to go up any mountain for a view, we set off on shanks' mare for the Flume, six miles distant. We left the hotel at 11.30. As usual, the road, which was without exception the worst I ever saw, lay through woods, and in places it was extremely pretty, as it wound about a good bit, and the trees often met above. After about one-and-a-half hour's walk, we "arrove" at what is called "The Basin." It is formed by the water falling about twenty feet into a basin of about forty feet in diameter, and as there is only a small outlet for the water, it is forced to flow round and round in this basin, and so has eaten away the rock so that it forms an overhanging cliff; the escaping water, too, has formed the rock into the shape of a man's leg and foot. I fear this gives but a poor idea; however, I hope to get a photo of it, which will show more clearly. We crossed the stream here and went into the wood a little way to see some very pretty cascades, where the water flows over a long slab of rock which it has worn away in places and formed little channels, then it spreads out again and flows over the rocks. The general effect is very pretty. We then went back to the road, which we followed up for about one-and-a-half

miles more, which brought us to the Flume House, where we were not sorry to get some food, as we had had nothing since breakfast, at 7.45 a.m., and it was now hard upon 2 o'clock. After our food, we started out at 3 o'clock, as well as I can remember, for "The Pool," about three-quarters of a mile from the hotel, which is formed by a good volume of water falling some distance into a large pool, and the rocks rise straight up from the water to a distance of (the guide-book says) 150 feet, but I think the good gent who measured it must have had good long feet. The water is an awfully dark colour and very deep (I forget exactly how deep). I must say I was not *very* much struck by the Pool, though it is certainly very pretty. We went from there to the Flume, which is most grand and wonderful, and of which I cannot give you any idea. It is about one mile from the hotel. First we went a short way through the woods along the side of the stream, which presently flows for some hundred yards over a perfectly smooth slab of rock; there was then not much water, of course, but in spring it evidently flows all over the rock, which is, I should say, about sixty feet at its widest. However, the water was only flowing at the side then, and we walked along this rock till the glen suddenly became much narrower, with high walls of perpendicular rock on each side, and as the water rushes all along the bottom of the glen, they have put up some boards to walk along, and up you go for some little way, when suddenly the glen becomes very narrow (about fifteen or twenty feet), and about twenty feet above your head it is narrower still, and there is a big round rock fixed in mid-air, which looks exactly as if it had fallen from the top of the mountain and had been caught and held there by the narrowness of the ravine: it is quite flat on one side of the ravine, and is only held up on the other by the smallest bit, and looks as if a slight shove would dislodge it. Here the boards cease; however, we scrambled on about one hundred yards further, and then Joe and I went still farther up the ravine. It was a rare scramble, and the rocks gave very little foothold as they were worn so smooth by the water. One time we scrambled all fours along a tree which had fallen across and up the stream, then we went up a bit further still, but soon after began to retrace our steps, as the ravine was not striking any further up, and there was no more scrambling to be had. We found the other two waiting for us where we had left them, and we then began (very much to my regret, for I could have stayed there for a long time more) to retrace our steps. I don't know when I have enjoyed a walk more, and I don't think I shall forget it in a hurry. I hope to get a photo, which gives a very good idea of it. We got back to the Flume House about 4.35, and back to the Profile House at 6.30. On our way back we went a few yards off the road to a path along the Profile Lake, and from there we saw the profile of "the old man of the mountain" himself. It is a most perfect profile of a man's face formed by three rocks very near the top of the mountain. The guide-book says it is forty feet long from the chin to the top of the forehead, but a paper which we found in the hotel calls it eighty feet, and I think the latter must be nearer the mark, judging from the height up which it is and the clearness with which you see it. I never saw such a lot of wonderful phenomena in one day—all so utterly

different from one another, and all more curious one than the other. Having seen to the inner and outer man, we took a short breath of air, listened to a very good band, and then, after a short game of whist, went to roost, thoroughly delighted with our day.

Thursday, 25th.—We left the hotel at 9.5 a.m. on our ten toes to walk up Mount Lafayette. It was a fine day when we started, though some few clouds were about in places. For about two hours we tramped up a roughish path through a very pretty wood, and as usual the moss was very thick, though there were not so many ferns as usual. After about two hours we came, as we thought, to the top of the mount, however, on getting up to open country we saw an immense mass of rock towering some 800 feet or so above us, so on we went. The path went down a bit at first, but soon after went up again, and presently we left it and made straight for the top of the mountain across a lot of rocks, somewhat to the disgust of a man who had taken it into his head to follow us up, and who, when about half way up the rocks "guessed he was about tired out;" poor fellow! We were about forty minutes from the time we first thought we were at the top to the time we were really at the summit, which we reached at 11.45. We had a very fair view of the mountains, except Mount Washington, which persisted in keeping his cap on. Lafayette is 5,200 feet—3,000 feet above the Profile House, and Mount Washington is about 1,000 feet higher. We had a very good view of most of the valley, though the clouds persisted in lying heavy over the one which we had left. The valley was the prettiest part of the scenery, as there is nothing very striking about the mountains, and we were too far from them to see the colouring. However, we had a very good panoramic view. We settled that you could perfectly see the White Mountains very comfortably and fully in a week, as, owing to there being no high peaks, the panoramic views from the summits must be all the same. I think the great charm of these mountains is the curiosities of nature; its small views, which, though there are not many of them, as the trees are so seldom thinned out, yet, when you do get a peep it is generally that of a very pretty bit of valley; and last, but by no means least, their lovely colouring. We stayed up there till 12.45, when, as the clouds were rising from the valley and hiding our view, we started down again, and reached the hotel at 2.25, having done the last half at a good pace. We met two or three parties on their way up, with the first of which there was a guide, who asked us 50 cents each for *toll*! We had seen something about toll put up on a notice, so we knew it was all right, but fancy paying two shillings to go up a mountain! I'll trouble you! One lady we met was "got up" for mountain walking, having nothing but her dress—it looked more like a simple petticoat—and a sort of flannel jersey with no sleeves, and I think some sort of bodice. We were all so shy we had to put our handkerchiefs up!!! By the time we got down we were simply ravenous, as we had had nothing to eat since starting at 9 o'clock. After some food we walked half a mile to the Echo Lake, where we were driven wild by the excruciating sounds of an awful wind instrument of some kind. Having

admired its beauties (the lake's I mean), and yelled discordantly, we returned to the hotel, and George and I sat out on the balcony, where I attempted to write an account of Monday, but (as you will have seen) with no great success, for what with the sunset light on the mountains and the various sights, I think I wrote about $1\frac{1}{2}$ pages in over an hour. At 8 o'clock we retired to supper, and afterwards went out on the piazza and listened to the band, watched the dancing, and, would you believe it, we saw the comet! but what puzzled us was, was it the same or another? Anyhow, his tail was ever so much longer, though not so bright as our old friend. After Newport I think the people here are the most respectable we have seen.

Friday, 26th.—Before starting for Quebec, I managed to get a little writing done, as I was still very behind hand. We took the 11 o'clock train to Bethlehem, which we reached at 11.30, changed there, and waited for another train till 1.20, employing the time by writing my diary! We then took a most beautifully ventilated drawing-room car with windows all along the top, and large windows which opened for about 18 inches from the bottom, outside which there was a piece of close wire netting, which prevented the dust from getting in, so instead of arriving at Newport (at 4.45), in a filthy mess, we were as clean as when we started, or almost so. Speaking of Newport, I don't mean the town south of Boston, but one of the same name in Vermont, just on the border of Canada. The country we came through was in places very pretty, but, as usual, the line lay through woods for the greater part of the way, and also, as usual, the country was very thinly populated until nearing Newport, when there were more signs of life visible, and some attempts at agriculture, though the land is very undulating—all up and down, in little hillocks and mounds. As we had to wait till 10.30 for our other train, we took a boat and had a dip in Lake Memphramagog, which must be extremely pretty, but there was such a thick haze that we could see very little of its beauties. After our dip we returned to the hotel and had a most vile supper, and some most horrible Californian white wine. After this very nasty meal, Joe, G. and I had a turn at whist, G. playing dummy. At 10.30 we entrusted ourselves to the tender mercies of a Pullman, which landed us at Point Levi, on the opposite side of the river to Quebec; here we had to take the steamer across to Quebec, which we reached at 9 o'clock on the morning of—

Saturday, 27th, having been due at 6.35—only two hours and thirty-five minutes late! We chartered one of the native carriages—which are about the most impractical and ugly that I ever saw—and drove up to the Hotel St. Louis, or Russell House, where we found your letters of the 6th and 13th inst. We lost no time in going to feed, as we were all ravenous, but next to that, at Newport (in Vermont,) it was about the worst we have had since we have been on this side. After perusing all your letters, for which many thanks, and having had a wash, we set out to deliver our letters of introduction. Our first was to the Governor of Quebec—His Excellence,

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Mr. Robitaille—which H. J. had from a friend of his, or his father's; he has asked us to lunch with him on Monday, and we accepted; then right to the lower end of the Town, to a gentleman who was not to be found. We went down from the Upper Town by means of a lift, which saved our poor legs from going down a fearfully steep street, which connects the two parts of the Town, then we walked back again up that awful hill (it *was* so hot) to the hotel, investing in the "Graphic" and weekly edition of "The Times" on our way back. We had some food, and then took a carriage and drove all about the town in search of two people's houses to leave our letters, but they were both out, so we went and saw the Basilica, where the guide-book said there were some fine pictures, but I fear we failed to see their beauty, and the Basilica itself is an ugly, tawdry, Roman Catholic edifice; then we went to another little chapel belonging to a "monkery" which was ditto. We then drove out to see a monument, erected on the spot where "General Wolfe died victorious," which, as the guide truly observes, is "very plain and simple," then back to the hotel to write our diaries, and, after some food, turned in.

Sunday, 28th.—Church at 11 o'clock, and afterwards we took a trap and drove out to the Loretto Village, along an extremely uninteresting road. At Loretto we went into a bit of an inn, and asked if they could give us some food, and on being told that they could give us some roast beef in 20 minutes, we employed the interval by overhauling their stock of Indian goods, and ended by buying some things; then for the food. But oh my! what a rum joint. It looked for all the world like ribs broken and tied at each end, and when we did get some off, it was rather after the style of the "Gadmen* ham," though not quite as bad; however, the taties were real ikey! and the bread was decent, which is more than it is at the Russell House, Quebec. After stowing our purchases into the carriage, we went on to see some lakes which G. had seen about in the guide-book; however, after we had been going for about half-an-hour we seemed simply making straight for Quebec, and we asked our driver about the lakes and understood him to say that they were just a little off the road, so on we went, but soon found ourselves at Quebec! I forgot to say that after our lunch we went to see the Loretto Falls, which are just below the hotel and are very pretty, but are more of a cascade than a fall. On returning to the hotel we took a short stroll and then back for some food, and afterwards another stroll and then in again to write. I must say I am somewhat—not to say very—disappointed with Quebec, as I expected to find a fine town instead of a dirty rambling sort of place with fearful roads and two fine buildings, the rest an awful "shuck" lot. It has more the appearance of a pokey little out-of-the-way small town in some out-of-the-way place on the continent. All the people speak a most

* In the summer of 1879, Father, Joe, and I crossed from Engleberg, over the Wenden Glacier, to Gadmen, where we rested for the night at the very humble "Bär" Inn, and where, after an eleven hours' walk, we had to satisfy our cravings with relays of fried eggs and potatoes; the only thing in the shape of meat being a ham, which entirely defied our powers of mastication. "Gadmen ham" has since become a "household word."

awful sort of gibberish of French patois. As to the hotel! it is without exception, I think, about the worst I ever was in. The feeding is simply beastly. It is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, whether this or the hotel of Wurzburg* is the worst. Now I have no more to say, so will close this ready to send off to-morrow to catch the mail at New York on Friday.

* In 1880, B. H. B. and I stopped a night at Wurzburg, where we put up at, what turned out to be, a most disgusting hotel.

H. S. B.



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JOURNAL VII.

Monday, 29th.—We started driving soon after 8 a.m., for the Montmorency Falls, along a very ugly road, but we got a jolly view of the opposite side of the river, and a capital view of Quebec, which certainly looks far better at a distance. The falls are about nine miles from Quebec, and we got there about 9.30. We then got down and walked about half a mile to the falls, and down a tremendous lot of steps, so that we looked up at them; they are certainly splendid. The water falls about 300 feet, and they are about 100 feet broad, I should imagine, or, perhaps, more. There is a large volume of water, some of which shoots clean over, and doesn't touch the rocks till about half way down, when it is evidently caught by a basin from which it is shot out again by the force of the water following it, upwards, and then falls down below, while to the left there is not such a shoot, and the water falls from rock to rock, and the effect is lovely. The sun was shining on the spray, so that there was a lovely rainbow of *prismatic* (I. E. B.!) colours. The water falls into a large lagoon, which soon after flows into the St. Lawrence. We sat there for some time looking at the falls, and then drove back to the hotel, which we reached about 11.30. We then went up and made ourselves respectable, and went off to the Governor's country place (Spencer Wood), for lunch at 1 o'clock. We were introduced to Madame, and after lunch walked about the place with Monsieur. We had a very interesting time, as he was very good natured, and told us a good bit about the country, &c., &c. Though, as a greater part of the conversation was carried on in French, I did not understand half he said. Quebec is about 500 miles from the actual mouth of the river, and the tide is felt for 90 miles above this! He pointed out to us the very place where Wolfe marched his army up into the plains of Abraham after making an unsuccessful attempt on Quebec lower down the river. Montcalm at the time was in the fortifications, and was astounded when he found the English in the plains of Abraham, for they came there by night, and instead of staying in his fort and saying to the English "come on yourself," he went out into the open plain, where of course he got "what for!" He showed us a very nice looking mare of his who was just recovering from a nasty wound just above the near hock; he thinks it was done (maliciously) with a hatchet when grazing in the field. There were some men mowing oats just outside the house, and they had a most peculiar sort of rake above the scythe which caught the oats, and then they threw it off when they had finished their stroke; I could not make out what the object of it was. We left his house at about 4 o'clock, and walked back to the hotel, and then Joe, G. and I went to a furrier's shop (Renfrew), it was a good one, and I believe I have seen the name in England

After looking at all their furs and asking all their names, &c., we invested in some rare good (though not elegant) gloves. There were some jolly foxes' furs, some beautiful Arctic fellows, and silver foxes; the latter's skins are worth 80 dollars (*i.e.*, £16.) They had got some rare jolly beaver's fur; what jolly fur it is, I had never seen any before; it is very like sealskin, but lighter colour and longer hair. The sealskins they import from England! We also saw a cloak lined with squirrels' throats; there are hundreds of the little beggars' throats in one cloak, and it is very pretty. I forgot to say that besides the silver fox (which is blackish, with occasional white hairs), and the Arctic, they had some others, more like our wily ones, though of a brighter colour, and some such fine brushes. They also had some few heads, though no very fine ones. There was a head of the Rocky Mountain sheep, like the horns of a *huge* ram, and its head is heavier than its body, so it is always falling on its horns. The horns of the caribou are *most* curious, and not pretty, unlike anything I ever saw. We saw several other skins and furs, besides a few heads, but there were no very fine ones of the latter. We then went back to the hotel, and after some food we found a Mr. Humphrey waiting for us. Henri had a letter of introduction to him, as he is a partner in a Gold Mine Company lately started out here, in which Uncle Harry has got some shares. He asked us if we would like to go over and see the mines, and how they are worked, &c., and as we thought it was an opportunity not to be lost, we willingly accepted. It is 45 miles of railroad and 25 to drive, I believe, and very rough, but he says he can promise us plenty of good bread and butter and cream, at which didn't Joe and I smack our lips, as we have not had real *good* butter once yet, and it is almost always very much the other way. After a short stroll on the promenade we turned in and packed.

Tuesday, 30th.—The boat for the Saguenay was supposed to start at 7.30 by which time we were all aboard, but we had to wait for the boat from Montreal till about 8 o'clock. We went down and had breakfast as soon as we could, and by the time we got upon deck again the river was very pretty, especially the left bank, the right bank is the Isle of Orleans, which is 21 miles long, and in some places 5 miles broad—a nice little Eyot to be in a river! But just by Quebec itself the river is hardly 1 mile broad. We passed lots of flocks of wild duck on the right bank. The left bank seemed fairly thickly sprinkled with cottages, and the land was cultivated a good bit. There were some hills standing a little way back, then a lower range of hills, which were partly cultivated and partly in their wooded state, came sloping down to the water's edge. After about 20 miles the lower range "softly and silently vanished away" till at length the mountains came right down to the water's edge. After passing the Isle of Orleans there were some other little islands, but we could not see them much as the river was very broad—about 5 or 6 miles I believe—and there was a very heavy haze, moreover we kept very close to the left bank, which for a long way was a series of high wooded hills about 2000 feet high, which came down to the water's edge, sometimes in gentle slopes, and sometimes in rugged steep descents; after this, which lasts for a

long time, there is a most lovely piece of half-cultivated, half-forest land; it is a long lowish mountain sloping gently down, but ending in rugged cliffs. We went close to this and afterwards went down to dinner at 1 o'clock. When we came up the scenery was somewhat wilder again, on the left there were lots of little islands, and in one of these we saw the effect of the celebrated "Mirage of the Wilderness" most beautifully in the distance, I cannot explain it, and if I could, you would not be the least able to picture it as it really is. By this time it was much clearer and we could see the rocky shore on the right hand very well—the river (so says the *guide*) is 20 miles broad here, but I know not how true it may be—later on in the afternoon the scenery was less striking, and the colours not so fine. But the splendid scenery we passed through before this, I cannot give you any idea of, *superbly grand* is all I can say for it. It was very refreshing to see cultivated land again. We saw a big porpoise rolling along in the afternoon. We had a rather poor sunset, and the night is not over fine, at least there is no moon and the stars are not over bright. We got to the mouth of the Saguenay at 8.30, and, after writing my opinion of the St. Lawrence, turned into my berth, we had two cabins, ours was not enormous, but the other two had quite a large room.

Wednesday, 31st.—We were astir about 5.30, and made Chicoutina at 6 o'clock, where, as we had an hour to wait, we took a bit of a tramp, but found nothing exciting, and so returned to our ship about 6.40, when we found them shipping cows, and it was not hard to see that they were of French extraction—(1) by the horrid row they made, and (2) by the brutal way in which they treated the poor animals, one of which fell overboard, but swam ashore and was shipped again. We started about 7.30 on our way back, but began by going down to breakfast. Chicoutina is a little village by the river's side, on the left bank going up stream: it is not particularly striking, but the little bay on the opposite side is rather pretty. When we came up from breakfast we were quite in the regular Saguenay scenery, which consists of highish hills of bare rock with but few trees, except in places, where they are quite thick; but there is evidently next to no earth for the wretched trees to take root. We unluckily had rather a cloudy day, so had but very few jolly lights on the rocks. The hills in some places slope down to the water's edge, but the greater part come down in great precipices. The hills gradually got higher and higher, and steeper and steeper, till at length we came to Capes Trinity and Eternity, which are enormous mountains of rock of 1900 feet, rising quite perpendicularly out of the water without the shadow of a slope until just at the top, where it is crowned with trees. The steamer here just went round the corner of the bay, so close under that you could throw a stone and hit the side of the mount with the greatest ease. You have no idea of the height when you are under it, and I put it down at between 800 and 1000 feet, when I asked Joe what he thought it was, and he said he had just read it was 1900 feet high. These enormous mounts of rock end in three huge masses, which look as if they had been piled one on the other. The mountains still

continued to be very grand—though not so *fearfully* perpendicular—right up to the end of the Saguenay, which we reached at 2 o'clock. The Saguenay is, I believe, perfectly unique; the scenery is—I hardly know what to call it—"grand" is hardly the epithet, as there is such a fearful air of desolateness about it all, and at the same time it is extremely grand to see those huge masses of rock coming down straight into the water. From Chicoutina to Tadousac there is scarce a house to be seen. These rocks too, I believe, continue for an enormous way under water, and perhaps it is partly owing to that that the water is very dark, and when contrasted by the foam which the paddles throw up it is quite brown—very curious. At Tadousac we were told that there was a curious old church to be seen about a mile off, so Joe, G. and I set off to see it; we found a short cut through the woods, which brought us to it in less than a mile. But on our way there we saw a very curious perfectly white broad streak of light, just above the water, out in the middle of the St. Lawrence, and a few minutes afterwards didn't we just catch it! and when we did get to the chapel there was nothing on earth to see in it. On our way back we met a lot of people who were also going to see it, who accosted us variously with, "Seen the chapel?" "How far is it?" &c.; and one old fellow said to us, with a somewhat Hibernian accent, "Is there any chapel to be seen at all?" Another old character, on our answering in the affirmative to the same question, said, "D——d if I know what I want to go to see a chapel for." It sounds very tame on paper, but you should have heard the way it was said, we nearly all burst out laughing. On our way back we stopped to see some arrangements they have got for salmon breeding. George spoke to a man in French (they don't understand English here in this wild part), and he was very much amused at the old French the man used in replying. Henri says he has noticed that it is a very old fashioned French they speak. We left Tadousac soon after 3 o'clock. I cannot write more to-day, as it is only just $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to 5, with a beastly fog, so we can't see much of the furthest shore, we are going back close to the opposite shore to that which we went going out. We have made out, according to a map, that the broadest part of the river between Saguenay and Quebec is about 16 miles, and at the Saguenay itself it is not more than 15 miles. Nothing particular happened since I finished writing. It was a nasty evening, so we had our game of whist and turned into bed about 9.30.

Thursday, September 1st.—A fine morning; it is now 8.30 a.m., and we are nearing Quebec. We take a train at 10 o'clock for the Gold Mines and return Saturday mid-day, when we take the 5 o'clock boat, which gets to Montreal at 6 a.m. Sunday. Although we shall not see much of the river we think it is preferable to $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours of train, and so much cheaper.

H. S. B.

We have got about 500 boxes of bilberries on board for the market at Quebec.

JOURNAL VIII.

Thursday, September 1st (*continued*).—We made Quebec at 8.50, and having put our things into the hotel 'bus, set off to see the Laval University, where there is "the finest collection of pictures north of New York." All I can say is, "I'm sorry for the others," as it certainly was not a marvellously fine collection. After the pictures, of which there are about 150, we walked quickly through the collection of machinery, and then came to the geological collection, which, I should think, is not a bad one. After that we came to a collection of woods, which was very interesting. There were some splendid pieces of black walnut, some polished and others unpolished; and in the next room we went into, instead of having boards of about one inch thick, as in the first room, they had just taken a small piece of a branch, sawn it in half, and polished one side, leaving the other unpolished. There was a most lovely piece of wood ticketed "Vinaigrier," but we could not make out what the English for it is. There were lots of other bits of very pretty wood, but this was the pick of the lot,—only fancy *doors* made of it! It is a dark wood with a grain about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch broad, or perhaps less, and between each grain there was a light streak; you've no idea how lovely it was. There were some very curious specimens of freaks of nature in the way of trees too, one bough about 15 feet long was simply one mass of huge knobs and bosses; there were also some *enormous* fungi, and endless different things which I cannot describe in the least. There was one log of wood with

a regular handle to it, thus  and another a stick about 1 foot long

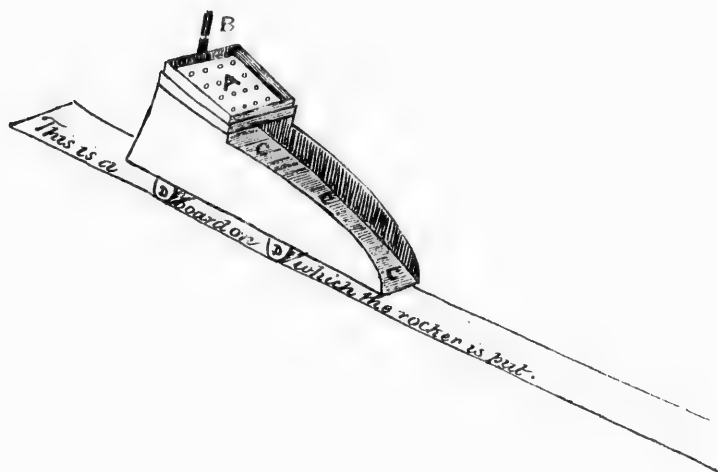
with a huge ball of wood at the end of it. With every piece of wood there was a slip of paper saying whether it was good wood or not, and what its qualities were. I should like to have spent a long time there, but we had to push on. The next thing was a zoological collection, which, as you may imagine, interested me immensely. Their collection of animals was nothing very wonderful, and very badly stuffed, but we saw a "caribou or reindeer." I had no idea that they were the same animal. There was also the head of a chamois. Their collection of birds is rather a good one, I should imagine, but so badly stuffed. There was also a rattlesnake in the collection (not of birds I don't mean!); he evidently doesn't sting, but bites, as he had some very nasty looking teeth; it is a pretty beast, about 4 or 5 feet long. The collection of fish I did not look very much at, but it did not seem particularly good. There was a "mackerel shark," marked very much like a mackerel, and about 5 feet long, not flat like the other shark but round like a porpoise, with such a mouth. There was also the jaw

of a whale. After this we went up to the library, which did not interest me quite as much. After that we tried to get into the Ursuline Convent, where there is said to be a fine collection of pictures, but being unable to find out how to get in we returned to the hotel. After seeing to one or two O. J.'s, and having received mother's letter—for which many thanks—we took the 'bus down to the ferry, which landed us the other side of the river (Point Levi); there, after a couple of miles' drive, we took the train for Beauce Junction, where we were met by Mr. Humphrey. The line was only opened as far as Beauce last year, and on asking the ticket man how long a return ticket lasted, "Oh, about 10 or 12 days!" Beauce Junction, on the Quebec Central R. R., is about 45 miles from Point Levi; we got there about 2.30. Henri went with Mr. H., and we other three in a carriage he had brought for us; *such* a trap, and *such* horses, and *such* a road—"very good for the liver." At 5 o'clock we stopped at a village for tea—very rustic, but so good, and oh! the cream!!!! but the butter was, sad to relate, not nice. After waiting there for an hour we pushed on. While we were there Mr. H. told us a good bit about himself; he has knocked about a good bit in the backwoods and rough country, as well as amongst the Indians, and he can speak their language. He once went through 300 miles of desert country, where a white man had never been before. He did it, as he, himself, says, more out of bravado than anything else. He and some other fellows got talking about this country, and one of them said, he didn't believe any white man could do it during winter, so H. said, he would try it at any rate, but he had no idea of the distance at the time; he took provisions for 12 days, not expecting to be more than 9 days (his provisions were simply pork, biscuits and tea), he also took a big blanket, as he slept out always in the open air (!) and altogether he started with about 80 lbs., which he carried on his back with a strap across his forehead—the regular way of carrying big weights here; however, instead of being 12 days, he was 17; he luckily happened to hit upon a post of the Hudson Bay Company, and there he took in a relay of provisions. He used to start walking at daybreak and walk till 4 or 5 in the afternoon, and then of course he had to cut wood for his fire. The snow was very soft, and even with snow shoes he used to sink in nearly up to his knees at every step!! This all sounds fearful exaggeration, but you have only to hear and see the man, and hear how he speaks of it, and you feel he is telling you the real truth, incredible though it does sound. After waiting at the village for an hour we pushed on, and arrived at a little inn (about 3 miles from this place) at 3 o'clock. The country we came through was very pretty, a fair amount of cultivation (of sorts!) chiefly oats, very poor looking and no length, and with plenty of weeds and thistles. The ground must be fertile, as they never think of manuring it in any way. The people have not made a bit of progress for the last 100 years. They are perfectly content to remain the same as their fathers. The ground is all fenced off into little bits, which are generally sown with oats or sometimes wheat or barley, and every now and then you see some "taties" or "baccy" plant. We had a lovely moon which looked lovely on the water in the valley below.

The country is scattered with wooden houses all along the road, and every now and then you come across a village. Enough for "Partridge-day." We turned into bed about 9.30—very good rooms and good clean beds.

Friday, 2nd.—I have a fearful lot to write, which may, or may not, interest you, so you can read it or "say Moses" and skip it, just as you please. We started with a very good breakfast a 7.30. We got talking about Lords Lorne and Dufferin, H. told us that Lorne is very much liked here, he is wonderfully honest and open, which Lord D. was not so much; the latter was an extremely agreeable man, and knew how and when to be agreeable, and how for to blarney you; Lorne he says is very sincere and hearty with you, and an extremely nice fellow. H. knew Lord Dufferin when he was here, and seems to know Lorne personally. After a very good breakfast we started off in the traps for his diggings (no joke intended); his abode is *very* rough, simply a peasant cottage; the old gal to whom it belongs is an Irishwoman. After a few minutes we started off to see his works; they have only actually begun to prepare works this year, although he made a thorough inspection of it before embarking; they have not worked at all this year at present, but hope to begin on Monday I think. There is no "mining" about it in our sense of the word. The way they work it is this—they have 11 miles of ditch, 4 feet deep and about 7 broad, in which there is a fall of 6 feet 7 inches per mile, at a regular grade the whole way; the reason of its being a regular grade the whole way is in order that the stream shall not be too strong in places and wash away the bank. I should have said that the ditch starts by their having dammed the river and diverted some of the water. At the end of this 11 miles of ditch there are iron pipes, through which the water is conducted for, I should say, about three-quarters of a mile to the place where they know that there is gold; these pipes are laid down the side of the hill and taken across the river, and at the end of all these pipes there is a hose (of 5 inches in diameter) fixed, which shoots the water out against the bank, this washes all the gravel and mud, in which the gold lies hid, down into a "sluice," which is a channel made of wood about 3 feet broad and 1 foot deep; at the bottom of this channel there are laths of wood fixed in moveable frames, the laths being *about* two cubic inches, and the space between them about the same; the mud and gravel is carried into this, and, owing to its enormous weight, the gold sinks to the bottom through the space between these laths; there is, as near as I can guess, about 50 feet of this channel with the laths running *with* the channel, then there is another 10 feet of laths laid *across* the channel about the same space apart as the other laths; but these cross laths are bevelled away on the side *to* which the water flows, consequently there is a continual undercurrent and the fine mud is kept always moving thereby, and the gold sinks through it to the bottom of these laths, which I ought not to have called two *cubic* inches, as they are about 4 inches deep, I now remember. After this water has been playing on this bank for about two or three weeks with a force—which I will mention

presently—the tap is shut and the water turned off, and they then take up these sluices one by one (as there are about 10 separate sluices in the channel), beginning by the one highest up, and then they turn on the water gradually, which washes away the mud and collects the gold in the *cross* sluice at the end, which is then in its turn taken up and the mud carefully washed away, leaving only the gold and a very little mud, which is then got rid of in a way which I will presently explain. I *believe* my account of the sluice is pretty fairly correct, but that is the only part which I did not perfectly understand, but I am pretty sure my account is right. The old and primitive way which they still use when “prospecting” (*i.e.* when they sink the shafts to see if there is gold about) is as follows: and the instrument is called a “rocker,” which as it would be very hard to explain I will attempt to explain by a drawing, though I fear my limited idea of “perspective” will make it hard to understand.



The gravel is shovelled into a sieve (A) which lets the small gravel and gold through, it is then caught by a piece of coarse sort of sail-cloth beneath. All this time water is being poured on to the mud in the sieve, which separates the small gravel from the coarse, and the whole machine is kept rocking by means of the handle (B)—the machine being made with rounded pieces of wood (D) like a baby's cradle. When the lower sieve, or coarse sail-cloth, is about full, the gravel is all shaken out into a round shallow pan, from which the gravel is shaken out by constantly taking up water into the basin and shaking it out, thereby shaking out the gravel *very* gradually at the

same time that the gold sinks to the bottom; this is of course rare delicate work, and enormous care has to be taken not to shake out any gold; when nearly all the sand is shaken out, (it is *wonderful* what a little they leave in the pan, at least Mr. H. did,) they dry it in the sun and the sand then gets blown away—"et puis voila"—"that's the way we do it!" as Mr. Lynn used to say after his conjuring tricks. I told you just now I would explain how the little mud which was left in the sluice was got rid of—it is by this last method which is called "panning." I should have told you that the water which flows through the two sieves in the rocker falls down and runs out by (C), across which there are two little laths put to catch any mud escaping through the second sieve, which (the mud) is then taken up and put into the pan again. I should also tell you that before the water and gravel escape entirely from the sluice, it passes off a plate which is covered with quicksilver, and this attracts the gold and holds it and the mud flows over it without sticking, however, this latter arrangement had not yet been put on, so I can't explain it very well, but that is my *idea*. I am now going to put down a few statistics which I took down just so as to remember them. The diameter of the nozzle out of which the water is thrown (after passing through the pipes) is 5 inches, the water is thrown 150 feet, there being a pressure of 80 pounds to the cubic inch of water in the nozzle, and the amount of ground that it will wash away is on an average about 30 feet in 24 hours; of course this is a very rough estimate, as it depends entirely on the hardness of the ground to be washed. The pipes which conduct the waterfall about 200 feet before the water is thrown out, are not cast iron pipes, but are *ever* so much lighter than our cast iron pipes, being made of very thin strips of iron of about one foot broad, bent round and round; they cannot be as strong as the others, but are far lighter, and consequently much cheaper to bring (from New York), the price is 63 cents per foot for the pipes of 11 inches diameter (that is about 2s. 7d.) Besides this washing process, there are three other methods of getting the gold; one is by breaking up quartz rock which is pulverized by means of a mill at the rate of about 50 tons per day; this dust is then passed over mercury, which holds the gold but lets the rest flow over. It is considered very good work if they get one dollar's worth of gold out of a ton! I must say before I forget it, that one ounce of pure gold is worth 18 dollars (*i.e.* £3 12s.). They have not yet erected the mill, but if the quartz gives a good "prospect" they will put one up. Another way of getting the gold is by roasting a sulphurate and then by some preparation of salt, but this we did not see done, though we found some sulphurate. The last way I will explain to-morrow (Saturday,) as they do not employ it at these Mines, and we saw it at some others. Some of the Californian Mines cost a fearful lot to start, one Mine in Bloomfield having as much as 100 miles of ditch!! and the cost of 20 miles of ditch alone in another was £90,000. Now I think that is all I have to tell you about mining. We came back to Mr. H's house at about 12 o'clock for dinner, and at 1 o'clock started off to see the end of the ditch as far as they have worked at present—which is about two miles from the river—where there is a stream which flows into the ditch. Very

luckily for us they had just made the connection with this stream the day before, so there was just enough water to "wash" for 55 minutes. We drove for about three miles and forded the river once which was just a *trifle* shakey, as the river bed is all rocks! After two miles more of a road—compared to which yesterday's was perfectly *smooth*—we got out and walked along the side of the ditch for two miles, to the place where the stream enters it, there we found Mr. H's brother in ordinary workman's clothes superintending some men who were working a very deep part in very heavy clay soil; they work from 6 a.m., to 7 p.m., for one dollar per day. We drove back along the ditch in a cart part of the way, but we soon had enough of that, so walked back to the carriages and then drove back to the house, which, after having heard a little about Californian Mines, we left in order to go down and examine some of the rocks where they expected to find gold; they broke some bits of rock off, and after looking at it pronounced it favourable looking. We then went up to the house again and soon after drove back to our inn, thoroughly delighted with our day. I forgot to say that the place where they are at present washing for gold is in the old bed of the river which—oddly enough—flowed at right angles to the present course. By way of a cheerful bedroom companion I had a bat in my room, and as it—my room—was not very large or high, I jumped into bed until he took his departure and then continued to undress!!

Saturday, 3rd.—Awake at 5 o'clock, breakfast at 5.30, and off at 6.15 in our carriages to visit the Gilbert Mines, which lay about 4 miles out of the way to the station. We got there at 8 o'clock, and at once went up to the main shaft which is 93 feet deep. This we all went down into by means of a ladder in a narrow chimney sort of place; they have to go 90 feet down before they find any gold, which they eventually find in a stratum of gravel about 3 feet deep, also an old river bed. Men break the gravel away and cart it into buckets, which are then hauled up and the contents emptied into trucks, which are run out about 100 yards off and shot down into some sluices, similar to those used at Humphrey's Mine. Sometimes, however, they have not enough water to let flow over these sluices, and then they have to use the rockers, which of course take much longer; we saw the extremities of the shaft which do not reach very far, and after that we were taken up in the tub, instead of grinding up the ladder, and when we got into daylight, weren't we in a jolly mess! Not the least (!) We had not time to go over any more of these mines for we had to be getting on, as we had still about 20 miles to drive and $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours to do it in. The amount of wood which they are obliged to use to keep up the ground above is enormous, and Mr. H. told us that the trees get squashed quite flat from the enormous pressure above! This kind of mining is called "drifting," and is of course far more expensive than "washing." I forgot to say that the water will do with three men working at it as much as 150 men would do with pick and shovel. We took leave of Mr. H. at his mine, and drove back to the station, which we reached at 12.30, our train being due at 12.35, so we just had time to brush the mud off when

the train came up ; we reached Quebec about 3 o'clock, by which time we were a trifle hungry, having had nothing to eat since 5.30 a.m. After some food and a few O. J's we took the bus down to the Montreal boat, which left at 5 o'clock. We received dad's letter, for which much ta. We read till near 7 o'clock, when we went down and had some food, and after some purchases of Indian-work, we set to work on our diaries, and, hurrah ! I have finished. The Indian-work I have just spoken of, is the hairs from the head of the moose, dyed, and worked in very pretty patterns on to red or black cloth ; we have seen some of it before but not so pretty. They have a most *lovely* bit on board, a black table cloth with a large ring worked in patterns in the middle, and worked all round the edges—price £14, not by any means out of the way I think when you think what hard work it must be, and the hair is only about 4 or 5 inches long, so they have constantly to be threading and "finishing off," which latter, I will do for to night.

Sunday, 4th.—"Made" Montreal about 6.30 a.m., and went straight to the Windsor Hotel, where Hope had engaged rooms for us. We found our rooms were on the first floor, and luxurious in the extreme. Joe says he believes the hotel is supposed to be the best in the world. After a wash and some food, we went to the cathedral, where the service was very nicely conducted, and they have a good organ. But the sermon was one of the "curiousest" I ever heard, and the good gentleman had most powerful "orgins" which he showed off to perfection. His text was from Psalms viii. 4: "Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" and was evidently intended against those who say that everything was begotten out of space of its own accord, only by the working of nature. He explained to us how that Darwin traced our descent from monkeys, and that of monkeys from a sort of spongy substance, and that we got our intellect from monkeys eating nuts, &c., &c. But you want to hear the man himself saying it to appreciate the effect. The idea, of course, was a good enough one for a sermon, but such a funny way to set about proving it, and the way he expressed himself, and the way he bellowed!! I couldn't help thinking how lucky father was not there to hear him shouting as he did! After church, we set to work on our diaries till 3 o'clock, when, just as we were preparing to set out for Hope's, his son (Charles) sent up his card to us. We walked with him to his house, where we sat and talked for some time, and then the son kindly showed us Gillespie's house. He was out, however, so, having returned to the hotel, we found out the addresses of some other people to whom H. J. had letters ; however, they were all out. We dined at 7 o'clock with Mr. Meritt, to whom we had been introduced at Far Rockaway ; he is staying in the hotel, but leaves to-morrow. After dinner we went and sat in his room.

Monday, 5th.—I got up at 6 o'clock to go and see a game of lacrosse, as Meritt said he was going to play, and I was anxious to see the game. The men play every morning before going to business. When I went into G.'s room to see if he was ready (Joe had cried off, as he did not see the fun

of turning out), he told me that Meritt had sent him word that it was too wet, as it had been raining in the night. So I had nothing to do but write my diary, and read over what I had written before.

H. S. B.



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JOURNAL IX.

Monday, 5th (*continued*).—We had breakfast at 8 o'clock, and about 9.30 M. Gabarneau—to whom G. had had a letter—called. Soon after 11 o'clock, after sending off our budget we walked down to Hope's office, where we were introduced to his partner (Mr. Dawson). Mr. H. himself seems a particularly nice man, and such a perfect gentleman; he reminds us rather of Mr. Lushington; he is 51 but does not look anything like that age. He has very kindly put our names down at the Club. He is going out of Montreal to-morrow down to New York, I believe, and next year (at the beginning of the year), he is going across the Atlantic to England and France. After sitting there for about half-an-hour we went and called on Mr. Gillespie in his office, he is very like Tom, though not so enormous; funnily enough he was down on the Quay at Tadousac when we stopped there on our way back, he has a summer resort there. We then went back to the hotel, stopping on our way at a very tempting looking fruit shop, we then ordered a carriage for 2.30, to drive out 8 miles to see a cousin of Aunt Charlotte's who is in a Convent; we had left H. J. just before arriving at Hope's office, as he was going to see his father's agent; we expected to find him at the hotel, however he never came, so after waiting till 3 o'clock we three went off as we had ordered the carriage, and did not see the force of paying for it without using it. The drive was extremely uninteresting; arrived at the convent, G. went in and saw his dear relation (whom he had never seen before), presently they both came out, and after being introduced and taking a bit of a stroll, we set out back and returned to the hotel at 6.10, where we found H. J. who had not come in till 4.30, having understood that we were going to be with Hope. At 7.30 we went to to dine with Mr. H. at the St. James' Club, we had an excellent dinner and one of the pleasantest evenings I've spent for a long time, we were 14 altogether, I sat next to a Mr. Henshaw, an awfully nice chap. After dinner had some billiards, and got back to the hotel after 12 o'clock, after a most enjoyable evening. In the middle of the dinner table there was an enormous bit of ice weighing about 50 lbs! which kept the room beautifully cool.

Tuesday, 6th.—Dawson had promised to take us round and introduce us to some of our business friends, so at 11 o'clock we were down at the office and off we set; H. J. had gone to his agent's for the same purpose. We went to two or three people, and then came back to the office where we found Mr. H. just going off to N. Y. It was now 1 o'clock and we had only done about half our visits (we had promised H. J. to be at the hotel by 2 o'clock), however we telephoned up to the hotel, after a bit of lunch set out again and polished them all off by about 5 o'clock; having stopped some time at a

furrier's where G. invested in some furs and a "caribou" head; we were rather tempted to buy a moose head we saw, but we did not quite like to give so much money for it; the man asked 65 dollars (=£13). After one or two more calls we returned to the hotel. I must say I was rather astonished when I found out who it was we were to be introduced to, and I fancy the other two were also. Two or three places we went into we were told "Oh, Mr. Johnston has just been here!" we agreed that it would have been great fun if we had clashed! At 7 o'clock we went and dined with Mr. Laroque, at the Metropolitan Club. We were to have been eight but Gabarneau did not turn up.

Wednesday, 7th.—Scott (to whom we had been introduced by Hope) turned up at 11 o'clock, as arranged, to drive us out to the kennels which are about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles out of the town, or rather from the hotel; Charlie Hope drove up a few minutes after in his dog cart and off we set to the kennels. There were one or two niceish hounds, though a very uneven lot altogether. We then went and saw the nags, of which they at present have only four; there was one nice looking animal, the others were no *very* great shakes, though not bad animals. Their first meet is to be on Saturday, they hunt till the cold stops them, and then get two or three weeks in spring. They have the *real* sport however and no beastly bagmen. Their fences are principally posts and rails and a few walls. After the kennels we went to Scott's house where we were introduced to his father. We then went to the Club and had a big lunch the men were mostly the same as we had met on Monday night. I got on the subject of the Telephone with a Mr. White, and he told me that the sound of music can be transmitted perfectly through an ordinary telephone; he had heard a piano quite distinctly which was being played 9 miles away,!! he promised to let me hear it after lunch but he forgot it. He gave us a letter for a friend of his at Toronto. I forgot to tell you that we were put up for both of the Clubs, but really we were on the go so much the whole time that we had no time to go and read the papers, of which I was very sorry as they had all the English papers, including the Field. We then went back to the hotel with Charlie Hope, as G. had arranged that we should meet last night's friends, in order to arrange about going down the Lachine Rapids together and seeing a "real Indian Village." They came up into our room, and after chatting awhile we started to see the Lawn Tennis Tournament, but Prevost insisted on our going and having a glass of wine at his house on our way up there. We then went up to the ground, where there were two, more or less, good ladies' single matches going on; after these were over Joe got introduced to Mr. Giddes—the President of the Club—and he then had a game; we watch them for a few minutes, and then went to Hope's house to fetch two Halifax friends who had just come, and then back (with H. and his friends) to the hotel for dinner. On our way to Hope's from the lawn tennis ground there was a most peculiar light over the other side of the river, it looked exactly as if a sort of yellowish-green light had been thrown into it; I never saw anything in the least bit like it. Some people say it is caused by the smoke of the bush fires and some chemical

arrangement in the air; but nobody really seems to know what it is. They had the same light at Toronto, and everyone was in a rare fright, and thought the world was coming to an end. The bush fires here are sometimes very extensive, as much as 200 miles being sometimes swept away, and the effect is felt a long way off; at Toronto the smoke is quite as thick as a fog sometimes. There was a splendid regatta at Toronto on Thursday and Friday, all the best scullers of the world taking part, we would have given anything to have seen it; Joe and I did not think it worth while spending 14 hours in the train. I have just seen in the "Toronto Globe" a most fearful account of the fires, in which it mentions the names of seven villages completely swept away by fire, and the loss of life is estimated from between 700 to 1,000, while 5,000 more have been rendered homeless. But to return to my narrative. Dinner over at 8.30 we set off for the theatre so see "East Lynne." It was supposed to be a very pathetic piece, but I am sorry to say it had the opposite effect on us; and one time when there was a very touching piece and no one was speaking, we all burst out laughing! There was a cornet too which amused us very much. After this splendid (?) piece of acting, although I must say one or two bits were not bad, we returned to our hotel and then to bed.

Thursday, 8th.—Joe and I started off at 10 o'clock for a game of lawn tennis, we had some fair games though I got horribly beaten, the ground too was very good. At 11.40 we started back to the hotel as we had been told that the train to go out to Lachine was at 12.30; however, when we got about half way back we met Prevost and the other two (G. & H. J.) who said to us "jump in we have only just time to catch the train," so in we got, and we found out that friend P. had mistaken the train. We found Laroque at the station waiting for us. We got to Lachine about 12.45, and after waiting about a bit went and had some lunch, after which visited Dawe's brewery; we started by the place where they keep the beer, above which they have 1200 tons of ice! we then went on and saw the making of it; they import a great deal of our hops. We then took the steamer across to the Indian village Kaudnawagha! but, before the steamer went, the 3 o'clock train from Montreal came in; by this same train came friend Brown and four or five other men. Arrived at Kaudnawagha we arranged with Big John to take us back in a canoe. Big John is a well known character, and is a good man for shooting the rapids in a canoe. We then went on into the village where we saw a lot of *Indian* pigs! we looked in at a cottage where we saw some superbly ugly women making things with beads—real live Indians! Then on to the Church, and back again the same way. On our way back we went into another cottage, where we saw the Indian manner of carrying their babies; they put the wretched little beast on a board, wind him on to the board with long strips of cloth, only leaving his head uncovered, and then this (I don't mean the head—but the board) they sling over their back. Thank goodness I'm not an Indian baby. The next time Mr. Bugg kills chickens I'll show you how the Indian babies are carried, and I don't think

he'll kill any more poor fellow! But to return to the "banks of the St. Lawrence;" we all got into Big John's canoe which was about 40 or 50 feet long and 2 broad, there were already an Indian squaw and a squawler with her, six sturdy fellows sat in the bows and paddled away at the rate of 62 to the minute! old B. J. sat in the stern steering. When we got out into the middle of the stream B. J. and his friends struck up an Indian song! They landed us safely the other side having taken about 20 minutes for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles. The Montreal boat came in about 5.30 or rather after. There is a good strong current the whole way down to Montreal, but the rapids themselves only last for about 5 minutes, if as much; it is certainly a splendid sight, but I was a little disappointed as I thought they would be rougher. They shut off steam while actually in the rapids, as of course the water itself takes you quite fast enough. We got a fine idea of the Victoria Bridge as we came in, it is $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles long and is built on the tubular system, the architect was Robert Stephenson. In the winter they lay some lines across the river as they thereby save the enormous toll which they have to pay to go over the bridge. The ice in the river sometimes runs as much as 20 feet thick! We got back to Montreal at 7.5 having promised to dine with Hope at 7 o'clock; however as we had not got to dress we were there soon after 7.30. We had a very jolly evening, there were C. H's. two Halifax friends and another young fellow.

Friday, 9th.—In the morning Joe, G. & J. went out and said "adieu" to Dawson and Charlie Hope and got a little "wherewithal;" we then got one or two photos: and then Joe and I went and had a game of L. T. After lunch we got a trap and left P. P. C's. on our friends, then back to the hotel to finish our packing, and who should be there but Brown, he said the other two were coming to say good-bye to us, so of course we asked them to come up while we packed. I must not leave Montreal without putting my ideas on paper; it is certainly a fine town, there are some fine streets, fine buildings and private houses; it is out-and-out better than Quebec which really is a wretched town. They have some good long streets; one house I saw numbered 1,530, and I think the street went on some way after that. They have—besides the L. T. club—a cricket and lacrosse club. But the great feature is its endless churches, of which there is one in every street. The Windsor Hotel too is simply perfect, and though on a very large and grand scale everything shows good taste, and it is really splendid; the staircase is exceedingly fine.

Now (5.15 p.m.) let us take our seats in the train to Ottawa, or, as they say here, "all aboard." After we had started we found there was a drawing-room car, and in one corner of the car there was a "state room," which would hold six people comfortably. The guard said we could have it to ourselves for three dollars more (whereas the ordinary seats in the drawing room would be about two dollars extra), so we took the bargain, and set to and played whist; when, in the middle of a game, I felt a knock on the

shoulder, and on looking up found that it was my billycock—which evidently thinking it wanted change of (h)air had jumped down from aloft and walked out of window; however it had got to be a very æsthetic colour so I can bear it. One station where we stopped some little boys were making an awful row, so as we moved off we gave them a glass of water! and arrived without any further excitement at Ottawa about 9 o'clock I believe, but I was too sleepy to be at all sure. We had telegraphed to the Russell House, for rooms as advised by Mr. Humphrey, however there was no 'bus; we thought it "very curious," but took a trap, and when we got there found the house under a process of expansion; however the manager received us very politely, and put us up very comfortably.

Saturday, 10th.—Directly after breakfast we set out to see the town. On our way we went into a shop (devlin) to get myself a hat. We found he had some niceish furs and heads; we got a pair of red-deer* heads for twenty dollars (£4). They are not like our red deer, the horns being much smaller and prettier shape, I think. We also invested in a beaver-skin (seven dollars), and looked very hard at some moose-heads, but were a little shy of buying them, as, of course, we don't know much about them, and were consequently rather unwilling to pay away a large sum of money; however, we had not by any means made up our minds *not* to buy it, and kept talking about it on and off best part of the day. After this we went all over the Parliament buildings, which are extremely fine from the outside, but the interior seemed chiefly an endless number of little rooms. The actual chamber of debate is not particularly fine, and, I thought, showed bad taste; but the library is *extremely* handsome, both inside and out. We went up the high tower, from which we got an excellent view of the town and the surrounding country; we then went and invested in photos, returning to the hotel for lunch. After lunch we took a trap and drove out about a mile and a half to give a letter to Mr. Eddy, a match manufacturer, to whom Humphrey had given us a letter. Mr. E., "ipse," was not in, so his foreman showed us over the works; but he was an awful duffer, and didn't explain it a bit. The performance is somewhat thus: A little square block of wood is put into a machine, which chops it up into little bits of wood just double the length of a match; these are then, by means of a machine which I could not explain, wound round with long strips of two-inch broad tape into bundles of about two thousand, I should guess. These bundles are then taken to a furnace, over which they are passed slowly, and then dipped at each end into sulphur about one inch deep; these rolls are then taken and pressed on to a revolving wheel, which is covered with the stuff that makes the heads; after that these bundles are unwound, put into boxes, and the sticks, which are still double the length of a match, are cut, all by the same machine, in the course of ten seconds. When I say put into boxes, I should rather say, "sort of trays;" these trays are then taken to children, who fill those abominable brown-paper boxes at an incredible pace. They put one of these trays of about two thousand into boxes in certainly less

* Virginian deer.

than ten minutes. You will doubtless think I am exaggerating, but I assure you you have no idea of the pace they work. We then went and saw tubs and pails being made, which was almost, if not quite, as wonderful. It is really useless to try and explain, as I could give you no idea. After this our intelligent (?) guide left us, and we went all over the wood-sawing, which is really marvellous. A quarter of an hour after a tree is hauled out of the water it is either in little boards one inch thick, four broad, and twelve long, or else in curved bits ready to make tubs and pails, and in about a couple of hours afterwards it is made into matches. We spent a long time looking over these works, and when we came to look for G. to drive back he was not to be found. We at length went off without him. We imagined he must have got tired and walked back, as he got thoroughly sick of it before we got half way through. On our return to the hotel Joe says, 'Well, Harry, what are we going to do about that moose-head?' So after consulting for a few minutes, and bringing forward every argument we could think of for and against buying it, we determined to have one more look; so off we went. There were two heads which the man had said in the morning he would sell for one hundred dollars the pair, or (we understood) fifty dollars each; so we got some steps and closely inspected the one which was certainly the best. However, when we came to ask the price again, the man said sixty for this and forty for the other (one hundred the pair). 'Oh,' we said, 'that's ten more.' However, he said he'd let us have it for fifty, as he had misled us in the morning; and so the hammer was let fall, and the animal's head will soon be on its way to H. L. We felt very happy when the weight was off our mind; 'all we can say is, we will hope we've not been swindled awfully.' We then wrote our diaries, and soon after G. came in, having taken a long walk. After dinner we took a stroll, and then turned in.

Sunday, 11th.—Went to church at 11 o'clock; on our return wrote till 2 o'clock, had dinner and then out to Rideau Hall, the Governor-General's place; it certainly is forlorn(e) in two senses of the word, and a miserable specimen of a royal house. We then came back to the hotel, Joe and I by the locks which are on the canal; there are seven of them, all one after the other, with a tremendous fall; found a jolly path along under the walls of Parliament grounds, saw a specimen piece of a fir tree 8 feet in diameter, 300 feet high, and 566 years old. After more writing had supper, and more writing yet again. Thus ended Sunday, 11th September, 1881.

H. S. B.

JOURNAL X.

Monday, 12th.—We had intended leaving Ottawa at 7 o'clock, and arriving at Alexandria Bay at 3 o'clock; however, we found the boat did not run in the morning on Monday from Prescott to Alexandria Bay, so we had to wait till 11 o'clock, when we took the train, which reached Prescott at 1 o'clock. From there we took the ferry over to Ogdensburg, and—oh, Moses! the gas has just all gone out in the hotel; however, the manager tells us it will all be "fixed up" in a minute. In the meantime we have seized upon a portly nig., who is bearing some lamps. And now to proceed. As I was saying, we took the ferry over to Ogdensburg, thence the steamer for Alexandria Bay, which we reached at 5.30. Alexandria Bay is on the American side of the St. Lawrence, in the middle of the "Thousand Islands," so called from the innumerable amount of small islands which extend for about forty miles in the St. Lawrence. There is one very big island, but all the rest are quite little things. There was a very thick haze, almost amounting to a fog to-day as we came down; so we could not see over well, although it looked extremely pretty. The islands which we passed at first were not at all high—just like huge slabs of smooth rock raised a few feet above the water-level, and sloping down so gently that at times you could hardly see at first sight where the water actually ended. We passed countless numbers of these little islets of various sizes and shapes, some merely rocks raised above the water-level. About here they rise high and more precipitately out of the water. The general appearance is extremely pretty. After having seen our things deposited in our rooms we took a little sculling-boat and went cruising about the islands till about 7.15, when we came in for supper, after which, having made our arrangements for a little steam-launch to cut about the islands, and two little boats, which we shall tow behind and fish out of when so disposed, we came up here for some writing, and now to bed.

Tuesday, 13th.—We were to have started at 8 o'clock, but owing to the steamer's not being ready it was 9.10 before we were "all aboard" and steaming up the river St. Lawrence in a very jolly little steam-launch, the "Ione." After steaming for about one hour up the main stream we turned off into "Eel Bay," a huge bay also full of islands. By the way, you might like to know that Mr. Appleton (the Guide-book) says: "According to the treaty of Ghent [whatever that has to do with it I cannot say] these islands, which extend for forty miles beyond Lake Ontario, are 1,692 in number," and are all sorts of shapes and sizes, varying from fifteen miles long and about three or five broad down to mere rocks which raise themselves but a few feet above the smooth, rippling flow of the ever onward current! The autumn tints have just begun to show themselves, and

the colouring was at times awfully pretty. Sometimes these islands seem to glide, as it were, into the stream and at another they come down in steep, rugged cliffs. After steaming for about twenty minutes in Eel Bay we got out of the launch into our two little boats. G. and Joe in one, and Henri and I in the other. We got our trolling-lines out and trolled for "pickerel" (?); but we were not very successful in our boat, as, after trolling for two and a half hours we had only three or four fish to show, whereas the others had nine. Somehow the fish didn't seem to care about me, as I never had a sign of a nibble; however, I didn't much care, as it is very tame sport landing them, for they are a stupid fish, and directly they are hooked you merely have to haul your line in as if you were pulling in a bit of wood. They are rare nice fish for the pot, however, as we afterwards discovered. Having landed, we proceeded to gather sticks and brushwood for a fire. In the meanwhile our two fishermen were preparing the fish, and in a few minutes a very picturesque group might have been seen, composed of four hungry mortals watching two other mortals (also hungry, I *guess*!) frying first some pork, and then some fish, in the fat of the pork over an enormous fire, while the clouds grew blacker and blacker all round, and at last descended in a good sharp shower, which, however, soon dwindled away into a steady drizzle, which also, in its turn, gave way to a bit of a fog, and left us with very little wind and a beautiful day for fishing. Having watched the first panful of fish fried, we took it on board the steamer, which was moored about thirty yards off, and proceeded to devour it, and, oh! crummy, wasn't it good? Soon afterwards some *excellent* boiled praties were brought; add to this some very good bread and butter, a few ginger "bickies," some tip-top lager beer, and afterwards some not half-bad coffee, and you have (though I am sorry to say for *you* only in imagination) about the best dinner you ever tasted, certainly the best I've tasted for a long time. So good was the fish that Joe said, "I was sorry I *couldn't eat any more!*" which was also my sentiment. After we had done, our two cooks (the captain and the engineer) sat down and satiated their "pangs," while I tried to catch a cheeky little gudgeon, which, however, only laughed at me. At last I tried Simple Simon's dodge, and fished in the pail (!) for a gudgeon, which was alive and kicking; but even then I was unsuccessful, and so returned to the water again, but with no better success, though (so beautifully clear was the water) I could see a little beast playing round my bait, which was a minnow. As soon as the men had satisfied themselves we set out in the same order as before. We went about a quarter of a mile away, and then dropped anchor. The others were the first to drop anchor, however; and almost before we had got our tackle out G. had a good bass, then immediately afterwards two at once. By this time we had got our anchor out, but with no great success; and we kept shifting our position till at last we got on the right spot, when I got a little one, and very soon after a beauty of three pounds. I wish you could have seen the awful state of excitement our man got into; and at last when he had run out, as a last struggle, he said, "It was beautifully landed, never saw a fish better handled in my life." So perfectly true—as I had only hauled the beast straight in, without playing it at all. Very unsportsmanlike you will say, and so indeed it was; as afterwards, though I never had such a

big one on again, I had great fun playing them ; I never thought I should care for fishing half as much. After about an hour, the others moved off in hopes of better ground ; but not being successful, they spent the rest of the afternoon in trolling. In the meantime, we were having very good sport ; and by 5 o'clock had landed fifteen black bass, two pickerel, and one sun-fish. The man caught a few, but not many, as he smashed his rod early in the afternoon. At 5 o'clock we took to our launch again, and steamed back a different way ; instead of going down the main stream, we went in and out among a lot of little islands near the Canada shore, and were back at the hotel a little before 7. We counted our fish, and found we had eighteen pickerel (we had eaten four small ones besides for lunch), twenty-eight bass, and two sun-fish. The steamer was 12 dollars (£2 8s.), not at all out of the way we thought when you consider that one has to pay £5 for one on the Thames. I enjoyed my day *most thoroughly*, and never thought that I should enjoy a day's fishing so much ; though I don't think you will catch me sitting on a Windsor chair in a punt on old Father Thames just yet. The shooting here must be very good I should fancy. In another month, we are told, there will be thousands of all sorts of duck. We also saw no end of hawks, sea-gulls, and kingfishers ; the latter are not like ours, they are a larger bird and not so many-coloured, being, as far as I can see, a greyish bird with a black-crowned head, the tips of their wings striped black and white. They also have cranes and eagles, and, I believe, herons ; also a kind of partridge, though not much like our English bird ; they also get teal, and three or four other kinds which I forget now. Before we turned in Joe inquired about getting on to Toronto, but found that it was much simpler to go to Niagara first, and then afterwards cross the lake to Toronto. The man also said he had got two tickets for Niagara which he could let us have for half price (*i.e.* seven dollars for the two tickets instead of seven dollars each). These tickets are called "scalp tickets," as Humphrey told us ; and it is simply this, some one takes a ticket to a place but wishes to stop for some time at a place on the road, so as these tickets are good for a certain number of days, he sells it for as much as he can get for it, generally about half price. At some places there are regular "scalp ticket offices." By the way, this reminds me of rather an amusing thing Humphrey told us : he said, "Very often if one is going to a place it will be cheaper for one to take a ticket for a station 200 or 300 miles further on, and the reason is simply this : the place you wish to go to is only accessible by one line of railway, whereas the place 200 or 300 miles further on is accessible by two or three, consequently, owing to the railway war now going on, they make the fares to the latter place as cheap as possible, so as to get passengers on their line, and to make up for this they stick the price on for intervening stations." He once did this, and it saved him an awful lot—something like eight or ten dollars I think it was.

Wednesday, 14th.—A truly terrible day up to the present time (8.20 a.m.) We started at six o'clock, and there was a bit of a mist hanging over the water, but nothing at all to speak of. However, before we had gone one hundred yards we got into a thick bank of fog, and went at—(Hullo! we're off again after waiting here for nearly two hours! but, excuse this interruption)—I

was saying—leastways, I was about to say—we went on at half speed; then on again—but—Joe's looking over my shoulder, and says, "We're *not* off," and I find they are only fidgeting about the engine to keep it from getting rusty. I was about to say "Then on again;" but only to come to a dead standstill, till at last we found ourselves alongside of an island where we have been for the last two hours whilst I've been writing this. Now for some leapfrog to keep up our spirits—Tally-ho! But instead of leapfrog we had some very exciting fishing, having been lent a couple of rods. However, we were not over successful, and all we caught was three rock-bass of about half a pound each. At about 9.30 the fog began to lift *very* gradually, and it was not till 10.20 that we heard the welcome cry of "All aboard!" and off we started "back agin the same way." In about a quarter of an hour we found ourselves once again in the Thousand Islands Hotel (having come back again, as it was no good going on as the tram left Cape Vincent about 9 o'clock—arriving at Niagara Falls at 7.20 p.m.) Our next chance of getting there was by taking the 2 o'clock boat to Cape Vincent, which connected with the 5 o'clock train at St. Vincent, which, we were told, would land us at Niagara next morning. In the meantime, Joe, G., and I (H. was writing) took a boat, went off to a little island, where we fished for some little time. Finding we caught nothing but stupid little rock-bass, which we put back again, Joe and I took a dip, and then sculled back to the hotel. By this time it was 12.30, so we had some dinner, which we were quite ready for, as you may imagine; after which we sat on the terrace till 2 o'clock, when we tried another start, and this time got safely to Cape Vincent about 5 o'clock. By 1 o'clock it was a glorious day: the fog had quite gone off, and the sun came out strong. The scenery to Cape Vincent was at times somewhat uninteresting; but the greater part of it was lovely. At first I didn't see much, as we were going directly towards the sun; however, I presently got up in the bows with my back to the sun, and the result was perfect. I got a lovely light on the woods, which were already putting on their autumn clothes. The woods came down quite to the water's edge, and I fancy I can see one place now where the land ran out some way in a sharp point with trees up to the end. There were the autumn tints just appearing among the dark green firs, and the white bark of the birch breaking the monotony of the latter. As we passed, the wave caused by the steamer broke on the rocks. It was the most perfect picture, I think, I ever saw; and to complete it the soil was a sort of lightish yellow colour. I think the colouring on the whole was some of the most perfect we have yet seen.

Arrived at Cape Vincent, we took our seats in the train, and on the guard coming round for our tickets, we asked where we should take on the Pullman cars, to which he replied, "There are no sleeping cars;" and then told us we should have to pass the night at Oswego! that the train we had intended taking straight through to Niagara had stopped running on Monday, and we could not get on farther than Oswego to-night! After about an hour we had to change at Watertown, where we found out that we could not get on to Niagara till to-morrow night by taking the 12.35 train (*i.e.*, the same which

we should have taken had we not been stopped by the fog), which gets in at 7.20. It was a rare nuisance, as you may imagine. However, there was nothing else to be done, and after one more change we reached Oswego at 8.20, where we put up at the Lake Shore house, which, however, is about three quarters of a mile from the Lake Shore.

Thursday, 15th.—After breakfast we strolled down to the Lake; Oswego seems a rather large town with, as far as we saw, some fine streets and, oh! such peaches!! After our stroll we came in to write, and are now just off to Niagara by the 12.35, which, however, didn't actually get off till past one; instead of reaching Niagara at 7.10, it was past 9 I believe before we reached the hotel. We passed through a great deal of burning woods, and at one time we saw in the distance an immense long line of fire. We had to get out at the American side, as, though there is a suspension-bridge over which the train goes, it is not near the Falls themselves, as the river is too broad for a railway-bridge, but there is a very handsome suspension-bridge 1268 yards long, for carriages. Arrived at the hotel (Clifton House), we washed ourselves a bit, and, after some food, strolled out to see the Falls which are lighted up by electric light; we walked up to the Horseshoe Falls, where, having got soaked by the mist from the fall, we returned to our hotel and to bed.

Friday, 16th.—Exactly two months since we left Liverpool. I shall not of course attempt to give you any general idea, as it would be—to say the least of it—utterly useless; but I shall probably just put down things as the thoughts occur to me, so I warn you that it will be a very scratchy, and probably uninteresting account. The best way will be to tell you it in the order we saw it. We took a carriage directly after breakfast, and told the driver to “show us everything.” So we first went to the rapids of the whirlpool, passing on our way the old suspension-bridge, which consists of a railway-bridge above (the trains have to go at foot's pace) and a carriage bridge beneath; there are 8000 miles of wire used in it (so the newspaper of to-day says). Soon afterwards we came to a place placarded “Whirlpool Rapids;” here we descended from our carriage, walked through a shop where all sorts of “souvenirs” were being sold, and after paying 50 cents (*i.e.* two shillings) each, we walked down about 200 feet, when we came to the rapids: one raging mass of roaring water rushing along at a fearful pace, and sending up enormous waves of spray, which were caused not by the rocks underneath, as of course one imagines, but by the force of the under current struggling to the top and meeting the upper current, the water being 250 feet deep here; for about a quarter of a mile I should imagine you see this surging mass; I cannot describe my feeling when I saw it, but I don't think I shall *ever* forget it. The breadth is, I should *imagine*, as far as I can now remember, rather less than a quarter of a mile. We then went on about a mile to see the whirlpool; here the same thing—50 cents and down the “elevator” (*i.e.* “lift”), down a steep incline of forty-two degrees. Arrived at the bottom, we walked a short way to a point from which we could get the best view of the whirlpool; the river comes rushing down its headlong course, turns

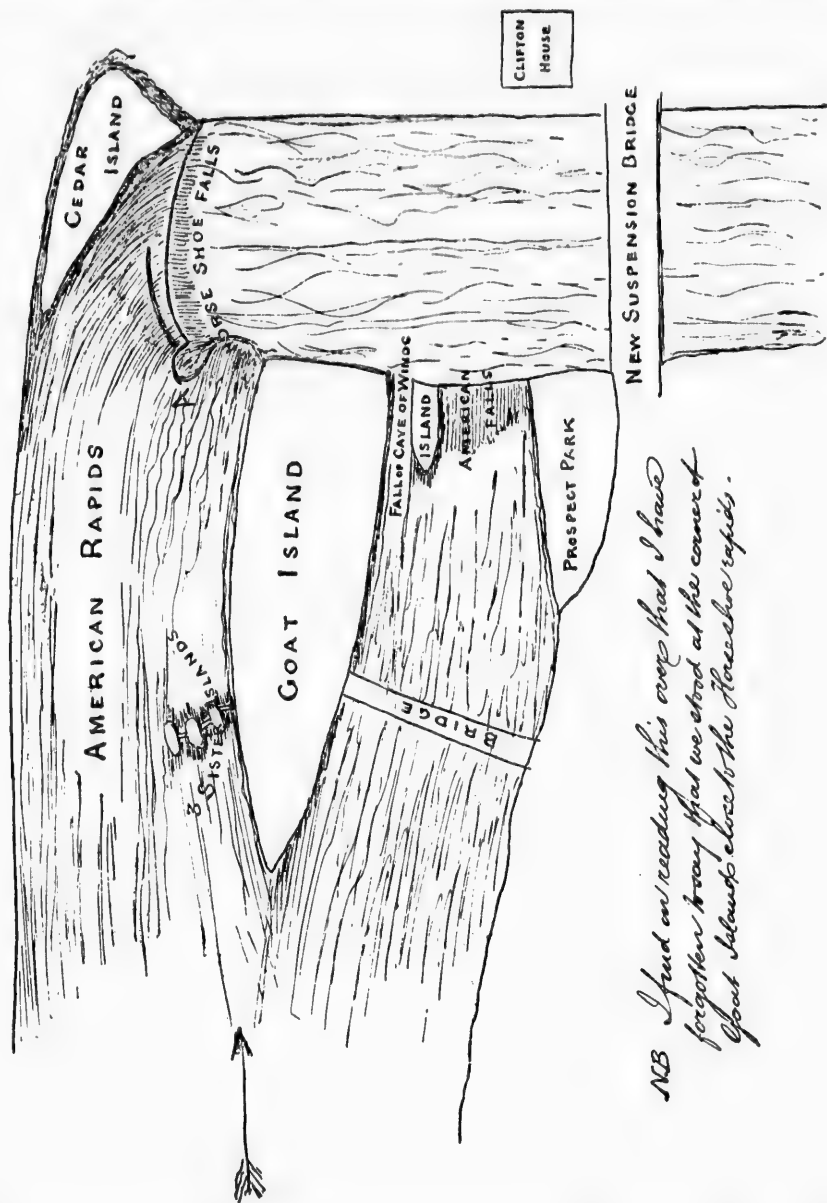
an angle which is *all but* a right angle, and you see the river (or, as it would perhaps be more accurate to call it, the torrent), for a long way down, one long line of almost continuous foam; of course, the effect of this sharp angle is to cause vast whirlpools in the middle of the stream, while the current on the opposite side to which the water flows away is all a very strong back current, though in some places there is next to no current at all, and in one place, where the current is about medium, we were astonished to see some wild ducks swimming about. After this, up by the elevator, again to the carriage, which then took us to the "Table Rock," or, rather, where the Table Rock *had* been, for it fell away some years ago. This brought us right back to the Horseshoe Falls, which are a quarter of a mile across and three quarters of a mile measuring all round the fall, which is 150 feet high, and the depth of volume of water pouring over is, at the thickest, 30 feet thick. Here we paid one dollar (*i.e.* 4s.) each for the pleasure of putting on some mackintoshes and being taken by a guide, to whom we had to pay 50 cents each, down a lot of steps and under a side shoot of the Horseshoe Fall, when we were told to look up but were prevented from seeing anything at all by the spray which kept driving in our faces with awful force; of course there was a shopful of souvenirs. After this our coachman took us to the "Burning Spring" on the "Cedar Island," from which we had a very good view of the "American Rapids" and "the Three Sister Islands;" the river is here two miles wide, and the rapids extend for about a mile above the falls. Just a little way above where the real "Rapids" begin there is an island called "Goat Island," which divides the river into two streams of rapids, one, which we did not see from Cedar Island, ends in the "American Falls," and the other, which, as I have said before, is the "American Rapids," ends in the "Horseshoe Falls;" these are about at right angles with the direction of the stream above, which arrives at these falls by means of a long sweeping curve. When I say that they are at right angles to the stream, of course, being of a curved shape, the whole cannot be at right angles to the stream, but the greater part is. I am afraid that is very unintelligible, but I hope I'll be able to make it clear with a photo which we purchased at the "Burning Spring," where, of course, there was also a shop, and where, of *course*, we also had to pay fifty cents each. This Burning Spring is an ignitable gas which is given off from a spring which comes bubbling up some few feet below the surface of the earth; the gas is collected in a cylinder with a pipe sticking out, from which the gas escapes and is continually burning; but to show us that it is no humbug, this cylinder was removed and a piece of lighted paper held down to the surface of the water, which immediately set fire to the bubbles of gas which kept coming to the surface. This was discovered about ninety years ago by some men having a fire there, when the gas caught fire. After this we returned to the hotel, and then, as we had another hour to wait till dinner-time (it was now 1.30), we went up to the top of one of the suspension-bridge towers, and then returned to the hotel, where we invested in a most wonderful pipe for old Free, and then went and had dinner.

Having done everything on the Canadian side, we went over to the American side; the toll (there and back) across the suspension-bridge was only two and a

half dollars (10s.)! The first place we went to was Prospect Park,—fee, as usual, fifty cents. This park is between the suspension-bridge and the American Falls. We went down the elevator right at the bottom of the Falls, but, not wishing to go under the Falls, we contented ourselves with braving the spray, and consequently got soaked. G. and I, under a certain amount of shelter from my 'brolly,' boldly pushed on to a point from which we saw nothing more, but only got more soaked. Then up again by the lift, and then to a place which was right at the side of the Falls, in fact the water washed the wall of the parapet on which we stood; this was about the best idea we had got so far of the volume of water flowing over. From this we went to "Goat Island," and stayed there the rest of the afternoon, visiting the following points:—First, the opposite side of the Falls to Prospect Park, from that to the Cave of the Winds, where we again went under the Falls, but this time under something like a fall, and not a wretched little dribble like the other side. We first divested ourselves (after paying one dollar each) of all our own garments, put on some coarse serge things, carpet-slippers, and a "sou-wester;" we next descended some steps, and after about fifty yards came to the falls of the Cave of the Winds; it is a continuation of the American Falls, but separated from them by a small island. We followed our guide down some steps, with the water pelting down on our heads pretty hard; it rather took our breath away at first, and H., not caring to have any more, retired. After a few steps down we came to some slippery rocks, where there was not much to hold on by, and of course a heavy shower of spray drenching us, though not falling from above with such force as at first, but more blown back from the water falling. It was a little bit bogey at first, and rather made one hold one's breath, but when accustomed to it, it is really nothing. After about a hundred feet of this we came out on the other side, and walked across the rocks in front of the Falls. When just in front of the Falls the sun shone out strong, and we saw, what I had never heard of before, a *complete* circle of a rainbow, formed in the spray. The colours were very bright, and there was a part of a second bow. We got back to where we had started, walking down the steps under the Falls; by this time we had got quite accustomed to the pelting water, and liked it very much. From time to time, as we went along, we kept looking up at the enormous volume of water flowing over, and it gave us some very faint idea of what the volume pouring over the whole extent of the "Horseshoe" Falls must be. The volume here is twenty feet thick! and the distance from the falling water to the rock is sixty feet, though the actual "*shoot*" is not as much as this, as the force of the wind and the spray combined has worn away the soft rock underneath, and it consequently overhangs somewhat. This of course gave us the best idea that we had at all of the volume of water flowing over, even that gave us but an extremely poor idea of what it really *must* be; in fact, it is utterly impossible, I believe, to have *any* idea of the *real* volume of water. You may be *told* that there are so many millions of tons, but then it is utterly and entirely impossible to imagine or *picture* to yourself this enormous volume,—at least that is my feeling. After this we went to a point where we stood right alongside of the Horseshoe Falls, and watched the Falls for a long time; in most places you cannot see above halfway down the Falls for the thickness of the spray, and in one part

of the fall the spray sometimes dashes about fifty feet above the top of the fall itself. (This is the part marked with an A in the diagram.)

Perhaps this diagram may possibly help you to understand the positions better.



NB I find on reading this over that I have forgotten to say that we stood at the corner of Goat Island close to the Horse shoe rapids.

I don't know if this will make it any clearer to you, but I will hope so.

After this we went to the Three-Sister Islands, which are connected to the mainland by bridges from one to another. We had a splendid view of the rapids here, which are a most marvellous sight. After standing there for a long time, we returned to the hotel at 6.30. After an hour's writing had some supper, and soon afterwards some more writing, then to bed, as it is now past 11 o'clock.

Learned people say that the Falls are gradually retreating, because the back-current of the water washes away the rock underneath, which is a soft kind of rock, and then the upper part falls down. I have been also told that the force of the water falling down is so great that it does not come to the surface till half a mile afterwards; I don't know at all if this is true, but am inclined to believe it, as the stream looks so comparatively calm on the surface near the Falls.

Saturday, 17th.—I just want, before I forget it, to correct some of the previous statements as to distances. I have just been measuring distances carefully on an authentic map downstairs.

Distance from Horseshoe Falls to the New Suspension Bridge	$\frac{7}{8}$ mile.
Distance to second (<i>i.e.</i> old) Bridge from Falls, over which train passes	$2\frac{1}{8}$ miles.
Distance to the Whirlpool Rapids from Falls, about	$2\frac{1}{2}$ "
Breadth of the Whirlpool Rapids	$\frac{1}{2}$ mile.
Distance to the Whirlpool from Falls	$3\frac{1}{4}$ miles.
Length of New Suspension Bridge, 1000 <i>feet</i> , and not 1268 yards.	

We had intended leaving at 9 o'clock, but on second thoughts decided to wait for the afternoon boat to Toronto, so as to get one more look at the Falls; accordingly, about 9.30, G., Joe, and I (H. stayed at the hotel to do his writing), took the ferry across to the other side, where we took the elevator, which landed us at Prospect Park. Our ferryman told us that on the 5th three Englishmen had swam the river just above the new suspension bridge: one of them was W. Ainslie, a New College man, who nearly got into the 'Varsity this year. He also told us that the water which flows over the Falls doesn't come to the surface till the Whirlpool Rapids, which are about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. I feel certain that the water cannot come to the surface before the new suspension bridge, as, although there were a good many currents where we crossed—just above the bridge—I should think the water coming to the surface must make the surface a great deal rougher than it was there. So far from disbelieving the statement on the preceding page, that the water does not come up till $\frac{1}{2}$ mile afterwards, I now begin to think I must have misunderstood my informer (who was a young fellow about my own age on the coach from Glen Falls to Lake George), and that he must have said $2\frac{1}{2}$, and not $\frac{1}{2}$ a-mile. But before one has realised to a certain extent the volume of water that falls, it is hard to believe the half-mile statement, because it seems such a *long* way; but now that I have realised the volume to a certain extent, it is hard to believe the half-mile statement, because it seems such a *short* way. I really should like to know the real truth. But to continue. After standing at the corner of Prospect Park for a short time we went on to

Goat Island, and struck across the wood to the Three Sister Islands. On our way we saw some of the finest trees we have yet seen : one, a hazel, we think, being about 18 feet round, an enormous height, and as straight as a line. There were several other trees, but none so fine as this ; but all these wretched people here think of is swindling one out of one's money, so the poor trees, instead of being looked after, are in such a happy jumble that they nearly all die. Joe and I went and sat on a rock, from which we had a most perfect view of the Rapids for a long time. We went to one or two other points, but from none did we have such a splendid view. It was such a perfect treat to get away from all the snobs and Yankee "doers," that we could not tear ourselves away from it, and it was about 11.30, I think, before we wended our way to the edge of the Horseshoe Falls. Before I go farther just let me put down three words about that *splendid* sight, which I think I *enjoyed* more than almost any part of Niagara, chiefly, I think, because we were alone and not bothered by that awful foppery which had so disgusted and sickened me of the whole thing that I could only think yesterday, O, dear, how glad I shall be to get out of this place ; but now my ideas were quite different, and I only thought how delightful this is. For 2 miles across it was one mass of rushing, foaming, roaring water. About 500 yards higher up-stream we were so nearly level with the water that a fall of about 10 feet, which extended in a broken line for nearly the whole 2 miles across, hid the rest of the river higher up from our eyes. We were about three quarters of a mile above the Horseshoe Falls, and the whole distance was nothing but this foaming mass, in some places more and in some less boisterous, except a piece of, I should say, about 1½ acres, where there was but little water, and it ran rippling along rather than foaming. But the grandest bit by far was about 80 yards from us, where an enormous wave rose up and then rushed headlong under the mass of foam caused by the backflow of the water. The only thing we regretted was not to have had the moon on it ; but there is no moon now, though, of course, we had splendid moonlight nights at Montreal, when we couldn't appreciate them. We tried two other rocks, but from neither of them did we have such a view ; I never knew anything grow upon me like that did. When it came for, "Now is the time for disappearing," G. was nowhere to be found ; so we went on to the Horseshoe Falls, and having stood there for some time, moved on to the falls of the Cave of the Winds and the American Fall. At each of these places (as, indeed, we had been at the Horseshoe Falls) we went but one or two feet from the water as it flowed over ; then back to the hotel where we found G., who had missed us and got back to the hotel soon after 10 o'clock. On our way back we stopped in the middle of the bridge and looked at the spray rising from the fall. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and the spray was going straight up ; it looked as if it went some hundreds of feet above the top of the Falls before dissolving, but it was perfectly impossible to see where spray ended and clouds began. How glad I am we waited for the afternoon train, which left about 4.45, and took us about 14 miles to Niagara Falls' Town, on Lake Ontario. Here, after waiting about one and a quarter hours, we took the boat across to Toronto, which we reached about 9.30 p.m. There was a regular heavy swell, and what with the stink of the dining saloon and the rolling of the

boat, I felt much more like being sick than ever I did on board the "Scythia." However, I am happy to state I arrived safe without one accident, and after reading T. E. B.'s father's letters of the 1st inst., and afterwards M. F. B.'s of 4th inst., turned in, and slept soundly. Our hotel is the "Queen's."

Sunday, 18th.—After half-an-hour's writing went to church, back again for more writing, then dinner at 2 o'clock, when we had a most amusing black waiter. After dinner we strolled up to Mr. Allen's place, Moss Park (he is the gentleman to whom Mrs. Mountain gave us a letter). Unluckily the father was out of town, but the son received us very kindly. They have got a very fine Wapiti head, and an enormous moose ditto; but the horns of the latter are not very large in comparison with the head. He has also got a splendid collection of Canadian birds, which he kindly showed us; it was very interesting, as I was thereby enabled to find out the names of some birds we had seen flying about. He had a most *enormous* wild turkey, and some very fine owls and endless kinds of ducks. He had also a very good collection of Indian garments, and different things they use of all kinds; and some paintings also of Indian costumes. After a bit of a stroll round the town—which seems very fine, with some exceedingly fine streets and some fine buildings—we came back to the hotel, and here my diary must end *pro tem*.

Toronto is a very rising town; commerce to a great extent grain. In 1871, the population was 70,000, and this year it is 100,000; an increase of 30,000 in 10 years. It is a very rival town of Montreal. I may as well finish this off now "I guess," as we shall not do much more than have supper and go to bed. We have got a delightful old Paddy chambermaid.

H. S. B.

JOURNAL XI.

Monday, 19.—After breakfast, Joe, G., and I set out to see the people to whom Hope had sent us letters. But before doing so we went to the office of the Lake Steamer Company; and after a little talky-talky, ended in taking four tickets to Duluth by the Sarnia Line steamer, which would leave that place at 9 p.m. the following day and reach Duluth Sunday morning. This done, we went on our visits; and luckily found them all disengaged except one. You must not suppose by this that we finished them all straight off; far from it, for what with going into an exceedingly good bookseller's where they had every imaginable English book—down to the "Grosvenor Gallery Notes," and going into every bookshop we passed to see if we could get vol. i. of Appleton's Guide, but without success, and trying to remember half-a-dozen addresses at once, we kept running backwards and forwards over the same ground about half-a-dozen times in the course of the morning. However, we at last got it all over, and returned to the hotel at 2 o'clock for luncheon; after which we took a trap and drove through the park to the University. The latter is rather a fine building; they had rather a good collection of birds but most *infamously* stuffed, and the collection of butterflies and moths was *very* badly kept. There are only about three hundred students; and the course—like that of Harvard and, indeed, I fancy, all the 'Varsities this side—is four years long. We took the ferry across to the Island to see a Mr. Murray, to whom Mr. White gave us a letter. We had been informed that he was a character, and had travelled a great deal, having been three times round the world. He now seems to live a most idle and unenviable life; apparently doing nothing but live in an exceedingly primitive way, and do nothing all day but loaf about in his shirt-sleeves, smoke, and drink whisky. He has, however, got some land in Ireland, and gets his rents pretty well.

By the time we got back to the hotel it was about 7 o'clock; so, having had dinner, we set off to the Grand Opera House to see "The Banker's Daughter." It was a decided improvement on Montreal; and there was a killing specimen of an American tourist, who made us roar with laughter—he took off the Continental American to the life. When we got back to the hotel, we heard of the death of the President. Poor man! fancy suffering all that time only to die at last! The actual end seems to have been very sudden, as he does not seem to have been worse than usual till half-an-hour before his death. Some of the headings of the papers were very absurd, one paper had its column headed "*Dead at last*" in huge letters. The next morning we saw a paragraph of two or three lines, dated Sept. 20, London, England, saying that the news had caused intense excitement and sorrow for Mrs. Garfield! At first we thought it was all humbug; but

afterwards reflected that it was *possible*, as we are six hours in advance of you in England.

Tuesday, 20th.—We were to take the 12.15 train *via* Grand Trunk Railway, which would get us to Sarnia at 6.30 p.m. Accordingly, at 11.55 (having spent the morning in writing), we went down, expecting to find the 'bus ready; however, we waited till 12.10 and no 'bus appeared—when we asked the reason, were told that the 'bus was down at the station awaiting the arrival of the train, and would then come back for us, as the train waited some time. It was about 12.30 before we left the hotel, and we were not off till about 1.20 instead of 12.20! We found ourselves in the dirtiest and most uncomfortable carriage I ever was in. While Joe was seeing to the luggage, I ran about trying to ascertain if there would be a Pullman or Drawing-room car on; I asked at least half-a-dozen men, and they all—at least those who deigned to answer me at all—gave me different answers: at last we got hold of the "boss," who was in plain clothes, and found out positively that there would be *no* Pullman on. At one place where we stopped there was a list of trains put down from and to different places, stating whether they were in time or late, and out of the four trains put down there was one up to time, two one hour late, and the fourth an hour and a half late: we were about an hour late! So that was an average of one train in five up to time! We reached Sarnia Station about 8 o'clock instead of 6.30. The station was close to the Lake, so we went and tried to find our vessel to put our things aboard, but were told that she was lying about a mile further down, and would not be up for two or three hours! We returned to the restaurant, and had some food and a wash; and when, having learned that the boat was a quarter of a mile down we went off in search of her, and at last found her taking in freight, and, as it seemed, only having just begun. However, we went aboard, got our berths, and then returned for our bags; having procured which, we marched back with them, half killing ourselves with stumbling over endless articles, and falling down steps which we couldn't see, &c. &c.—notwithstanding, we arrived safe aboard at last, and having asked, for about the fiftieth time, what time we should start, got the usual answer of, "I'm sure I don't know;" however, we found out that we should not get off till some time to-morrow morning! as we had to finish taking freight on here, then we had to go two miles down to Sarnia for more, and then come back to the station for more! Just as I got into bed, about 11.15, we moved off, I suppose, to Sarnia, but next morning—

Wednesday, 21st—found us still about half-a-mile below the station, and no one knowing how soon we should get off! About 8 o'clock we moved on, but only to stop a little below where we got on board, in order to coal, which took till past 12, and at last we moved off, and are now going about one mile an hour—if as much—in one of, if not *the*, ugliest and most unwieldy of craft you, or rather I should say, *I* ever saw. We are not likely to be overfed; the feeding at breakfast was something *too beastly*, coffee absolutely undrinkable, not even any eggs on board; and at dinner, which was certainly

an improvement, we asked for some beer, and were told they had only water! So the first place we stop at we intend to get some. Nothing exciting happened during the afternoon, and we lolloped along through the mist at the usual rate of about a mile an hour. At 6 o'clock we had tea, which was no greater success than breakfast—everything beastly dirty, and with an odour that savoured of having been washed in greasy water. At 7.30 p.m. we stopped at a place the name of which sounded like "Porridge;" here, as we were to stop four hours, we went ashore and tramped about the town or village till 9 o'clock, when, having invested in nine bottles of lager beer, we returned to our noble craft, and I was soon in the arms of Morpheus. About the middle of the night I woke up to find it blowing in at our window like fury, and we were rolling about in fine style; having tried in vain to shut our shutter, so as to keep off some of the wind, I wrapped myself up in my blanket, and was soon asleep again, and did not wake up till 6 o'clock the following morning—

Thursday, 22nd.—To find that we were lying alongside of a stage taking in a somewhat mixed cargo. After our lively breakfast, Joe and I went and took a little stroll. On returning I went and had a look at our cargo, which consists of about everything you could possibly mention—from a steam-launch, about 20 or 30 feet long, to a beastly, noisy cock. Everything looks as if it had been chucked down and allowed to find its own place where it liked. Besides the above-mentioned things we have two or three traps of *sorts*!! (I have since found we have twelve), a plough, a machine for cutting up turnips, about a dozen cows, six horses (who at present seem to be having a most fearful stampede), and I think I heard some pigs grunting just now. This is all I can remember at present, but I'm sure there must be endless curiosities. Of course, we have got no end of tubs, and barrels, &c. &c. Add to this a most curious collection of people, but not a single decent person. I really must go and see what those horses are about, as it is only about 9 o'clock a.m., and I've no more to say for the present. We have not yet moved off from where we stopped this morning. Well, I went down below, and, O ye gods! what a chaos met my eyes! the horses were not having a stampede exactly, as they have not even room enough to whisk their tails; but one beast, having laid back his ears, was screaming at the top of his voice and trying to make a meal off his next-door neighbours. The horses numbered 15, the cows and calves over 20, about the same number of sheep; the pigs I only *heard*, but George tells me he saw them being *rolled along in a barrel*, so I *guess* we shall have sausages soon. Two or three turkeys also, and about six boxes of chickens, and ducks, and geese, trampling on one another most mercilessly. Besides this and what I have mentioned before there were a few bags of flour, some bits of harness, bundles of hay, a little rowing boat, a lot of boxes and trunks, cart-wheels, firestoves, iron rails, and I believe a lot of other things, but I can't remember them now. These were all hurled about in a most indiscriminate manner, so how on earth they get them off I don't know. We moved off about 10 o'clock. I forgot to say the name of this place is Kincardine, and the name of the place we stopped at last night is "Goderich," and not Porridge. Our next place of halt was Southampton, which we reached, as far as

I can now (Saturday) remember, about 1 o'clock. Here we shipped more cargo of all sorts, including a tailless cow, some few horses, and a cart or two; but where they all got to goodness only knows. We stayed there about one and a half hours, and not 35 minutes, as the captain had told us we should. We had no more stoppages for the rest of the day, which I spent in reading and writing. We were out of sight of land the whole time as we were making for Manitouline Island, which we passed at 3 a.m. next morning.

Friday, 23rd.—I was very sorry, as I have heard it is very fine. At 8 o'clock we touched at a little place called Hilton, where we took on a little more of the same sort of cargo, including a man and a woman with a very queer-looking bundle done up in a sheet. This boat must really be elastic, I think. We didn't stay here long, but set out onward on our journey through the river which joins the two lakes. It was extremely pretty, and very much like the "Thousand Islands," as little islands were sprinkled about all over the place. The passage, however, was extremely narrow, and needed some pretty fine steering: in some of the places there was only just room for the boat to get through. We saw and passed a lot of vessels being towed from one lake to the other, laden principally with iron ore from Superior. We saw no end of wild duck and gulls, and some few other solitary ones, amongst which was the Loon or Great Northern diver. These lakes are pretty full of fish—salmon trout, whitefish, and pickerel; but there are not many beavers: they like the small lakes and rivers better. After some time of this wild-island scenery we came into a much broader expanse of water; but still the channel was extremely narrow, and marked out very indifferently by red posts. We had to take a very circuitous line in this broad expanse, which brought us to a narrower part again, more like a river. The view when we got into this broad expanse was exceedingly fine. At the far side from which we entered was a long, low ridge of hills with a lovely sort of purple colouring, to which the passing clouds added a great deal. When we got well into the broad expanse, and afterwards into the narrower part, the scenery was still more lovely, but almost entirely, owing to the *exquisite* colouring of the trees which had well begun to put on their autumn tints. I have seen colouring on a small scale before, but never saw it in such a mass. The whole length of this ridge of hills was one *mass* of colour, in which bright red prevailed; but on looking through the glasses one could see almost every shade of every colour. We could *not* make out what this bright red colour could be.* I wish I could give you an idea of the colouring, but it is impossible. I can only say it surpasses anything I have yet seen. Luckily, dinner was rather late, and by the time we went to feed we had passed it all, and come to a very uninteresting part; and almost before we had done dinner we were alongside at the English side of Sault St. Marie. The captain told us we had an hour here, so we went ashore, and strolled about the somewhat uninteresting lanes and woods. On our way back we came across an exceedingly pretty bird, which we have since learnt to be a blue jay. He had

* This was, as we afterwards discovered, owing to there being such a quantity of the maple, which turns to this brilliant red. The oaks, too, turn to a most lovely crimson, instead of to a brownish yellow, as with us.

not long been dead; cause of death unknown; verdict, pronounced it suicide: so we took his wings and tail, and left him helpless in "de middle ob de road." Arrived at the steamer, we found them struggling hard to get the steam yacht out. That, or something else, detained them two and a half hours more; so it was past 4.30 before we were off to the American side, where the captain said we should stay about an hour, or, if it was dark before they had done, we should stay there all night! So we again went ashore. The American side is much more of a place than the English. They are both quite small villages. We strolled through the principal street to the locks, which have been made to complete communications between the Lakes, as there are some mild rapids for a short distance. There are two separate sets of locks, and are both very fine. One has been in use twenty years, and consists of two big locks; and the other, which has only been open a month, is one enormous lock, having a fall of eighteen feet, and forty-two feet deep in all; the sluices and gates are worked by steam. While Joe and I were talking to the lock-keeper, a man—bearing a very Indian type—came up, and asked us if we would like to shoot the rapids. We were rather afraid of accepting, on account of missing the boat; however, we had had an idea of what the captain's "hour" was like at all the places we had hitherto stopped at, and as the boat had to pass through the lock, we thought we should have time, and so off we went. The other two had gone back to the ship. Two men manned a canoe about fifteen feet long and three broad made of pine-wood, and the cost of which is about fifty or eighty dollars (*i.e.*, £10 or £16). They shoved us up at the side by means of poles, and on our way we learnt that these Indians do little else but fish all summer, and depend on their summer earnings to carry them through the winter, although they do a little fishing through the ice, and shooting. Having taken us not quite to the top of the rapids, they turned, and then down we came at a jolly pace, scarcely shipping a drop of water, although on our way we often heeled over pretty considerably. When we were just started on our downward course we found that the boat was already in the lock, so as soon as we got ashore we took to our legs and ran, and just caught her as she moved off. The captain was in a fearful rage, and swore horrid. He was awfully riled because the lock-keeper had told him to wait, and wouldn't open the gates till he saw we were all right. G. and H. told us they were just casting off as they got on board, they having stopped to buy some more beer on the way back. But the captain, after all, had not so very much to complain of, as from the time we stepped off to the time we were on board again, and steaming out of the lock, was only one hour and ten minutes, though of course it *was* a nuisance to be kept waiting. But we certainly had a run for it, and people stared at us like wild beasts when we got back. We had a slow bit just after dark, as there was a steamer towing four vessels just ahead of us, and we had some difficulty in passing them, as the channel was very narrow, although we were in a very wide expanse of water.

Saturday, 24th.—(B. H. B.'s birthday). When we woke up there was a thick fog and pouring hard, however the rain soon stopped and the fog "bobbed

up serenely." We spent the morning reading, and while so employed, a wee little birdie—a green linnet, I think—appeared on the deck and strutted about very happily; he came on and off two or three times and then "moved on." We have been under sail all the morning, as the wind is dead astern and the waves are a fair size. About 7.30 p.m. we touched at one of a many groups of islands in the north shore, by name Silver Islet; Joe and I went ashore for about an hour; and about half-an-hour after our return we were off again and on our way to Thunder Bay, where we touched at Prince Arthur's landing about 11.30, but long before that we had turned in.

Sunday, 25th.—Found us on our way to Duluth, coasting along the shore with a strong wind straight in our teeth, so that we scarcely seemed to move. There was a good heavy sea (or rather "lake") on, and we were chucked about like a cork. The coast was somewhat monotonous, being one long, unbroken slope of trees, which had already put on their autumn tints, and their colouring was very fine, though quite different to that of the day before: here it was yellow and green, and none of the bright red of the day before. We got talking with rather an interesting man early in the morning; he said that beside salmon, trout, whitefish, and pickerel, there are also herrings caught in these lakes, larger than sea herrings. The way they fish through the ice is as follows: they make two holes through the ice some distance apart; through these two holes they put a piece of string, of which they fasten the two ends together and then haul away, so that the fact of hauling the line out of one hole hauls it into the other, and in this manner they catch "lots and piles." We were told by the captain that we should reach Duluth about 8 o'clock, however, owing to the roughness of the lake and the head wind, it was 12.30 before we came alongside, and not a trap to be had, or a single person to show us the way to the hotel, so we were forced to wait till next morning, at which, as you may imagine, we were *not* best pleased; however, there was nothing to be done but to take off our boots and to lie down on our unmade beds. To me, personally, it made very little odds as I slept like a top.

Monday, 26th.—After waiting for about an hour for the customs' officer, he at last appeared, and we intrusted ourselves to the 'bus of the Clarke House. Arrived at the hotel, we found it was only 7.15 instead of 8.25, as Joe's watch made out. I say Joe's watch, as it is the only one in the party to be trusted, as the sight of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, was too much for mine and it has stopped short; G. never knows whether his is twenty minutes fast or slow, and H. J.'s is like my own. Joe's watch was right at Toronto, so there is one hour and forty minutes between Duluth and Toronto. We had a wash under some difficulties, and it was, I must own, not very extensive. After this we had some breakfast, and then took a stroll up the hill at the back of the village till the effect on our nasal organs forced us to retire, and we found the 'bus waiting to take us to the 9.30 train. Duluth is, comparatively speaking, a very important little place of about 3000 inhabitants, as it is the place where everything and everybody for Manitoba comes from or to, who wishes to go East by the lakes.

They are now very busy making the Canada Pacific Railway, which was begun twelve years ago, but some few years ago it hung fire for a very long time, and now they are just taking it up again; it will open the country wonderfully, and even now emigrants are *pouring* into Manitoba. This line of railroad will extend as far as the Pacific, as its name implies. We were pretty punctual in starting; the passengers were, I need hardly say, somewhat of the peasant type, and, of course, there was the inevitable baby, and my word, what organs he had! Soon after leaving Duluth, the scenery became extremely pretty; we were going along one side of a valley, down which was a stream of dark brown water, as we went on up the valley the hills were less high and the stream became a torrent; at last we saw, just below us, some *lovely* rapids tearing along: the whole scene was very grand, the colouring too lovely, as the leaves were turned very much. The railway itself twisted and turned about like a snake, and we went over some very slender bridges, although generally not very long they were some height, and we had to go over them at foot's pace. This hilly scenery did not last more than about an hour, but the rest of our way lay through most lovely woods—lovely because their colours were so splendid, but as to *timber* there was next to none, as the forest is all wild and left to grow at its own sweet will and pleasure; consequently they are huddled together, and there is not a single tree of any size. For the latter half of the way it was entirely oak, or very nearly so. The ground appeared very moist, as we passed endless swamps and marshes. The country seems utterly desolate, as the whole time we were travelling through these woods with hardly a sign of habitation visible. At one time we were the only people in the car, and we never had very many. When I was very much interested in Ouida's "Moths," I had a most perfect instance of Yankeeism: a man came and sat himself opposite me and began questioning me as to where we had been and were going; and as he got very little "change" out of me that way he began as they always do—telling me all about himself, where he lived, where he had been, and was going, &c. &c. He got rather tired at last of doing all the talking himself, and so moved off to some one else. But it was so thoroughly Yankee the whole thing. It was almost word for word the same as the conversation between the Americans in "The Tramp Abroad;" he (Mark Twain) certainly knows what his countrymen are like. We reached St. Paul exactly at six o'clock, actually punctual!! Would you believe it!! We went to the Metropolitan Hotel. On our way up we found all the shops decked out with mourning, and at the end of the principal street there was a black arch erected with various inscriptions on it; there had been some sort of procession I fancy, as the late President was buried to-day. After a bit of a stroll we returned to the hotel, had supper, and then waited about till our rooms were ready, as the hotel is crammed.

Tuesday, 27th.—I little thought last year, when treading the grapes, that the next 27th would be spent here—but such is the will of Fate! At 9.20 a.m. we took a trap and drove to Minneapolis, the sister-town of St. Paul, about ten miles distant; stopping at the Minnehaha Falls on our way. But the road for the first two miles! it's a disgrace to the town. The mud was something incredible—not liquid, but solid; and holes! it was absolutely *impossible* to trot.

I declare our roads at the Gold Mines were far better; there you *could* trot, while here it was impossible. There is no earthly excuse for it, as they have splendid metal at the very roadside. The drive was very pretty, as the hills on the opposite side of the river were covered with trees in their autumn tints, and there were lots of birds of different kinds flying about. At about 11 o'clock we reached the falls, which are nothing much; and with all due respect to Longfellow, I think he might have spent his time much better by immortalising something else. We rambled down along the little brook for a short way, which was very pretty and "too-ral loo-ral," with no end of blue-jays and kingfishers flying about. We got back to the carriage soon after 12, I think; and then went on our way to Minneapolis, which we reached somewhere about 1 o'clock. After dinner we set out to see the flour-mills, which are enormous. We walked across the river (Mississippi); and seeing a large building we thought we would try there, but were told we must get an order from the office on the other side of the river. So off we set for the other side, where we got an order to go over Pillsbury's Mills. The scene from the middle of the bridge is a sight; one huge, tumbled mass of mills and buildings of all sorts, shapes, and sizes. Besides flour-mills, they have also saw-mills; and half the river is a mass of floating timber. These people seem to think of *nothing* but making money, and things are huddled up in a most slipshod manner. As to the streets! the one in which there is all the mill traffic is over the horses' fetlocks in clayey mud: I could not have believed it had I not seen it. Well, having got our tickets we trudged back again; but when we did get in we found no one to show us over them, and so we roamed about, looking at things but unable to understand anything. We went up to the top of the building—six or seven stories high—and at last, after roaming about, we saw the boss, so we asked him if he could kindly tell us something about it. He said he would be "most delighted." The first thing he did was to take us to the top of the house to see the view, and then we came down; but he was very little use, as he gave us no voluntary information, and all we found out was by asking endless questions. The whole building is a mass of machinery, all worked by water. The wheat is first crushed, and then passed through various stages of fineing, until it comes into beautiful fine flour, which is passed from one stage to the other by means of elevators, all worked by steam and not handled at all. This doesn't give you much of an idea, but it is about all I know. They make 2,000,000 barrels of flour per annum, which takes 10,000,000 bushels of wheat; but how many bushels there are in a barrel I don't know. Having been all over the mills, we returned to the hotel where we had lunched; and having found our *cocher*, set out on our way back. We left at 5, and got in here at 7 o'clock. Two hours for about ten miles! After supper we did a bit of writing, and then turned in.

Wednesday, 28th.—After breakfast Joe, G., and I, went off to see the Fountain Cave, which G. was very anxious to see. We took a trap and drove out about two miles, when we got out and walked down to where a little stream flowed into the river; there was nothing to indicate the way; so we followed a track along the water's edge; the Matterhorn was a joke to it, and I

made sure I was in one time, but some friendly boughs and bushes saved me. We then found we were on a false scent, so retraced our steps, and soon after came to the mouth of the cave, which we entered, but there was nothing on earth to be seen, so after the other two had got their boots in a nice mess, they came back, having got about twenty yards further. We then returned to our trap, and got back to the hotel at 10.30, and after a bit of a stroll, returned and wrote a bit.

St. Paul is a fine little town of 50,000 inhabitants. It was only founded in 1839, but was only a trading-port till 1854, when it numbered 3000,—an increase of 47,000 in twenty-seven years! It has some fine streets, though, like all the towns they are very badly paved, or rather, in most places they are not paved at all, but are a sort of muddy clay. We left the hotel at one o'clock for the 1.35 train to Chicago, in which we are now sitting, waiting I think, for a train to pass us, as it is only a single line. Now we are off. Well, we travelled through some lovely scenery, at least the actual scenery was nothing particularly striking, but the colouring of the trees was too lovely, especially when the setting sun lit them up. There was a fearful lot of water out, as they have had a deal of rain here lately; and at St. Paul's the Mississippi had risen eight feet. After the first hour or so we followed the course of the river pretty closely; it is not particularly pretty and very monotonous, the opposite side being lined by a ridge of, in some places, steepish hills, but as flat as a table at the top, and it was not till a bare patch of a rock was lit up in a most marvellous manner by the setting sun that they in themselves called for much attention, but that light was truly *lovely*, being a sort of delicate rose-tint, but alas! "The roseate hues of setting sun how fast they fade away." About 7.30 we stopped at Lacrosse for supper, which was very good and well arranged. Before arriving there we were struck by a peculiar freak of nature. A mass of bare rock, some hundred feet high and perhaps three-quarters of a mile in length, rose sheer up out of a perfectly flat plain; it was very curious and unlike anything I had ever seen. There were one or two other places where little patches of hills rose up and continued for about one and a half or two miles, but in none of them did they rise so high or so precipitously as did that first one. We travelled very comfortably in a Pullman car, but the smoke from the engine was awful. After supper we had a rubber of whist, on a beautiful little table fixed into the side of the carriage.

Thursday, 29th.—Arrived at Chicago at about 8 o'clock, only one hour late this time! We entrusted ourselves to the tender mercies of a 'bus, which landed us at the Palmer House, where we found letters awaiting us (father's of the 9th inst.). After some breakfast and a wash, we set out on our way to leave letters we had received from a Mr. Esdaile of Montreal, and also one to Mr. Pardee, to whom La Montagne had given us a letter. This good gentleman had just returned from a shooting tour on the south-west coast of Lake Superior, where he and a friend had got ten deer and two black bears in three weeks, besides wild duck, partridges, and trout-fishing. We are to drive round the city with him to-morrow morning. We went to three or four other people to whom we had letters, one of whom—a Mr. Geddes—

we met just coming out of his office and off to the Stock Exchange, where he took us, and then rushed into the thick of it, saying, "You can stand up behind and see what's going on." We did stand up for a minute and *see* what was going on, but none of us were much the wiser, so we sauntered on towards the hotel; but on passing an oyster-shop we thought it would be nice to taste some American oysters, so in we went—all I can say for them is, they are very big ones. We then returned to the hotel, took a trap, and told our driver to take us the Lakeshore drive. On our way we passed the waterworks, which are enormous. There are four wheels, the largest being 27 feet in diameter, which between them pump up over 74,000,000 gallons of water in twenty-four hours. It is all most beautifully kept. From there we drove round Lincoln Park, along the shore of the Lake, and got back to the hotel at 5 o'clock. While we were looking to see if we could see Dick Gardner's name on the book, we received a note asking us to go to his room at 6 o'clock and dine with him. In the meantime we roamed about the hotel in vain looking for a writing-room. This is a most awful hotel, a regular enormous thing, and no less than nine stories counting the ground-floor. It is just like a maze; you want to stay here about a week to learn your way about; the noise and bustle is something quite too-too. But to return. As we were sitting writing we heard a thunder at the door and in walks Dicky; he was in a great state of excitement. He had come out with another English fellow, or had made friends on board, I'm not sure which; and he also had an American friend whom he had met here. We went down a few minutes afterwards, and while we were having dinner a Mr. Scofield came in; he is superintendent of one of the pig-sticking firms. He is an Englishman, and came out here ten months ago, having gone a mucker whilst in the Royals; he happened to go down to the pig-sticking, and the "boss" asked him who and what he was. He told him he had come out in the hopes of making a fortune somehow. The "boss" said he would give him seven dollars a-month as a common workman, he accepted, and now he is "boss" of the packing, earning his 3000 dollars a-month, or £7200 per annum. After dinner we went with them to another enormous hotel for a "liquor up," and then left them and went to Haverley's Theatre, where we saw Mr. John M'Cullough as "Virginius." It is a fine theatre, and some of the acting was very good, especially that of Mr. M'Cullough, who was over in England a short time ago.

Friday, 30th.—We were to have gone out driving with Mr. Pardee, but the weather was unkind, and he didn't turn up, so we went round to him; he had found out the address of a Mr. Washbourne for us, to whom we went. He is a good fellow, and *most* kind to us. He took us over one of the "blocks." The whole town is on this "block system," which is simply that a man buys a piece of land and runs up a big house of five, six, or seven stories, and then lets the rooms out as offices, and charming offices they are too, so beautifully light and airy. A block like this needs of course large capital, but when the cost of building is paid for they bring in £4000 per annum clear profit. We went over two of these blocks, when Washbourne

left us and we went back to the hotel; having put on our old clothes, we set out for the stock yards, which are 345 acres in extent. The largest in the place is that of Armour's, who at present kills 8,000 pigs per day, and in winter 12,000; as they reckon that each pig brings them in from 80 cents to a dollar *clear profit*, you see it is no bad business. The "boss" of the firm retired last year, having made 80 million of dollars, that is to say £16,000,000. (I have not put too many o's!) Scofield had given us a note to the "boss" of the killing at Armour's, so we went straight there. We could not find him for a long time; at last we saw him presiding over the sticking. But the odour!! My only chance of keeping *it!* down was to smoke as hard I could, and both my ocular and nasal and some other (!) organs were sorely tried. The pigs are driven out of their pens up an inclined plane, which lands them into another pen in which there are two men, who hook them by a hind leg. They are then hauled up, sent along by means of a wheel which runs on a rail, when a man cuts their throats and then shoves them on a few yards, where they hang kicking and squealing for about half a minute, then, being dead, they are dropped into boiling water; they stay in this tank about a minute, and are then passed through a machine which takes nearly all their bristles off. They next pass through a succession of hands, each of which does a little something and passes piggy on to the next man, who in his turn does a little something, till at last piggy finds himself on the rail again with his exterior beautifully clean and washed. He then passes on to some more hands who relieve him of his "in'ards," and I think, of his head. He is then sent down a long rail into a cooling room, where he is shipped on to another set of rails, here he is left for two days, after which he is sent into a freezing room where he remains for two days and a night, when his shoulders and hams are chopped off, and he is salted and packed off. It is marvellous the accuracy with which they chop off their shoulders and hams. The sides are rolled on in barrows from the freezing room and are then placed on a huge block, on each side of which stands a man with an immense chopper, which he raises above his head and brings down always in *exactly* the same place. The sides are then carried off to be salted; but before the hams and shoulders are taken away a man chops off the trotters, and this is almost finer work than the other, as he has of course to be very exact in taking *just* the knuckle. The various little bits of piggy are mostly cut up for sausages, of which we saw all the different sorts being made. The bits of meat are put into a huge tub, which turns round, while saws, or rather hammers with little choppers on them, come thumping down on the meat, which is thus chopped very fine and then passed through an ordinary sausage machine. The great big "German" sausages are then cooked. Nearly all the meat is salted and shipped off; the only fresh meat they sell is to people who come and take it away in their carts. Every now and then a pig gets into the boiling water without being stuck, consequently he is drowned in it!! and dies without his blood being tapped, thus making the meat not good, and this—called "sweet meat"—(just because it isn't sweet) is sold to the

niggers! I saw some of the sides (salted) packed off loose without being put into boxes. We saw one or two other processes of packing besides those I have mentioned. We couldn't find out as much as I should have liked as our little guide was somewhat "ga! ga!" and whilst in the slaughter-house my mind was too much taken up with my own feelings to take it all in very well. I never saw such a ghastly sight as those wretched brutes hanging by their legs squealing and wriggling, with the blood pouring out of their throats. All the employées are the most cut throat-looking brutes I ever saw, and the way they illtreat the poor beasts is really too disgusting. But the biggest looking brute is the sticker; such an expression you *never* did! This good gentleman gets from four to seven dollars *per day*! Besides the packing I have mentioned we saw piles of tins ready packed, but we did not see them *being* packed. Having seen as much as we wished of Armour's place we enquired for Scofield, and after a long search found that he belonged to another firm about half-a-mile away, so off we went to see him. They had just finished killing for that day, but he told us one or two things of interest; he showed us how they make lard by putting the fat into a cylinder surrounded with boiling water, and when made they run it off into barrels and sell it at 7 pence per 1 lb. The amount of lard now used in this country is something prodigious. He then showed us the guano which is made up of all the refuse of the pig, hair, bones, &c., &c., &c., so nothing is wasted. He said the men are a fearful independent lot, and just come and go whenever they like. The pigs themselves are chiefly from Pennsylvania, and are fine sturdy looking chaps, principally black, a few brown. They are not *very* big, are short in the leg and snout, but very broad in the back. The stock yards are capable of holding 25,000,000 head of cattle altogether, counting the pigs (which number highest), oxen and sheep. On leaving Scofield we went to see the oxen slaughtered, which was less horrid to look at, though the way the poor beasts are treated is too *awful*; they are driven up an inclined plane into narrow stalls, two in each; when about 15 stalls are full, a man comes with a rifle which he holds a few inches off the beast's head and then fires, death is generally instantaneous, though sometimes he doesn't take a good shot and while the poor beast is kicking he polishes it off with another. The door of the stall is then opened, the beast dragged into a room where he is flayed and cut up with marvellous rapidity; but we did not trouble to go and inspect them as we had already had too much of the pigs, and did not feel at all inclined to go through it all again. They kill about 600 oxen in a day, sometimes 700. The beasts come all the way from Texas and Colorado: an enormous herd of them is driven up very slowly by two or three men and some dogs, as far as Kansas City, where they take the cars up to Chicago. They are miserably thin animals, the greater part of them, though some *few* are fine and sturdy looking. We naturally wondered why they are brought all this way to be killed, Washbourne said it was because iron and machinery, and other necessary appliances, are much nearer at hand here, and consequently the cost of transporting the animals is much less than that

of transporting all the material to the south would be. The oxen slaughtering belongs to Armour as well as the pigs. About the "muttons" we heard and saw nothing, and I fancy the slaughtering of them is not so extensive as the others. We were delighted when we had done it all, as it is a truly sickening sight, though it undoubtedly is the trade for "making a pile," as they say here. The train for the City did not leave till 4.30, so we had time to replenish the inner man, which sorely needed it. We got back to the City at 5 o'clock, and went to the "Exposition" for an hour which was extremely interesting. Every year there is one which lasts for two months. It is a general Exhibition of everything from different towns. We did the ornaments and furniture, some of which was extremely nice. They have got all the latest patterns of china and ornaments, but if this is an Exhibition of their best furniture, as Washbourne says it is, it doesn't come up to the English and French. They have, however, got some lovely folding beds. We then passed on by the billiard tables and musical instruments, to the fruit which seemed very fine, but the ferns, palms, &c., were simply worthless. There was also a corner very prettily arranged with corn of different sorts. Then we went to the carriages which are not exactly our idea of nice carriages! also passed by different implements and bits of machinery; there was a large collection of ice implements, and one or two rubbish stalls. We returned to the hotel, when Dick and his English friend came up to our room, and at the same time a man brought Washbourne's card up. So we went down and saw the little man who had brought his cousin, and after having supper with Dick and his friend, went off to the Exposition again. This time we went to the farming implements, which interested me immensely. There was one most ingenious machine which cuts the corn and ties it up in bundles, everything being done by machinery, even the tying of the knot; and it only wants one man, who also drives the horses. We next took a trot round the gallery, but there was nothing interesting. After which we went up to the top of the building by an elevator, from whence we had a very pretty bird's-eye view, when we were turned out. I will finish off here, as we have an early start to-morrow.

H. S. B.

JOURNAL XII.

Saturday, October 1st.—After breakfast we set out to see one of the great corn elevators, where they store the corn, previous to shipping it off. The corn is brought on trucks into the building, where they are unloaded in seven minutes. The corn is next taken up to a bin, where it is weighed, and then passes into another bin, where it waits till shipped off. It is all done by machinery. Seven trucks are pushed into the building by the engine, and while they are being emptied, all at the same time, the engine shunts seven others into the building on another line, so there is no time lost; and they keep on unloading the whole time. I forget now the number of bushels they ship in a year, but the storage capacity of some of these buildings is 54,000,000 bushels. They are taking it in all the year round, but always sell the corn of the previous year. "Corn" over here means maize, and not wheat. The Company, whose building we went over, ship all their corn to Ireland, where the head of the firm has got an agent. No, I am wrong there, now I come to think of it; I was confusing the pigs with the corn! It is the pork which is shipped, to a very large extent, to Ireland by Armour; but most of the corn is sent to Europe. The latter comes principally from Illinois and Iowa States. The number of bushels per acre is generally about 40, but this year it has only been 20 bushels to the acre. Its price varies almost daily from 36 to 70 cents. Those are the two extreme prices. At present it is at 70; the price the farmer sells it at being 50 cents per bushel. Wheat, which is grown up in Manitoba, Dakota, Wisconsin, &c., averages from 60 cents to one dollar 42 cents, and the number of bushels per acre is about 50. There were two buildings belonging to the Company whose building we went over, one was for maize alone, and the other for all kinds of grain. After this we went to get our tickets for Louisville, and on our way we had a blow out of delicious fruit, most of which comes from California. We tasted good grapes for the first time since we have been here; all the others came from Michigan, and are very nasty. We then went to bid farewell to Pardee, and returned to the hotel for lunch; after which we again went to the Exhibition to see some more of the agricultural implements, of which there was a large collection. There were a lot of sheaf binders, all very much like one another, with some light difference. There was also a collection of sculpture and pictures. We went through all the latter, some of which were really very good, but the majority was rubbish. The city, in 1837, contained 4,000, and now the population is over half a million! The big fire was in 1871, and they had another smaller one in '74. The town, in spite of its enormous business, is very fine; the streets (some of which are from three to seven miles in length) are very fine, with some splendid

buildings, and are fairly well paved with wood on the whole, though in some places it is terribly lumpy. There is plenty of life in the streets, and everyone seems to have a business look about him. G. and I returned from the Exposition at about 5 o'clock; H. and Bertie had left before. When I got to our room, thinking to finish my diary, I found Washbourne's brother, who had very kindly come up to see us. He did not leave till 5.30, and insisted on our having a cocktail with him before parting. At 8.10 we were on our way to Louisville, by the Illinois Central R. R. We travelled shockingly, being danced up and down like a parched pea on a drum, but nevertheless I slept like a top.

Sunday, 2nd.—We ought to have reached Louisville at 8 a.m., but, as usual, we were $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours late. There was not a shadow of a 'bus, so we had to wait till a train passed, which put us down at the Galt House. By the time we had finished breakfast it was 11 o'clock, so as church was out of the question, I went and had a Turkish bath, as there were some in the hotel. At 1 o'clock we lunched, and then went out and took a tram which landed us at the cemetery. After roaming about there we came back by the tram to the other end of the town, and then back to the hotel, having spent a most interesting afternoon running about a very *uninteresting* town. These American towns are awfully monotonous, as all the streets run N. and S., W. and E., consequently all cut one another at right angles. Imagine these, with a lot of telegraph posts covered with innumerable wires running from one end of the street to the other; a lot of trams with horses (or mules) having tinkling bells; add to this some huge hotels, a post office, half a dozen churches, sometimes a town hall, and there you have an ordinary American town. The population of L. is 123,000, and, according to the guide book, there is a great deal of trade carried on, especially in leaf tobacco, live stock, and iron. On returning to the hotel we set to work on our diaries. The feeding here was bad. (There were a great number of mules being used in the town).

Monday, 3rd.—Left Louisville by the 7.55, and reached this place (Cave City) about 11 o'clock. We leave for the Mammoth Cave at 3.20 by coach. The country between here and L. was at times pretty, and showed rather more signs of habitation. We went through a real long tunnel for the first time since we have been here. It is awfully hot to-day, so was yesterday. At 3.20, as nobody else appeared by the train at 3.15 we set out in a carriage by ourselves—I say 3.20 because we ought to have started then, but it was about 3.45 before we were being jolted along a somewhat rough road through most delightful woods, principally of oak, but with many other trees sprinkled about; the leaves however have not yet begun to turn at all about here. About 5 o'clock we stopped to water the horses, and got into the Mammoth Cave Hotel after two hours of roughish driving. There was no one in the hotel besides ourselves, although it is capable of holding 150 persons. We were shown to our somewhat rustic rooms, and then went down to feed, after

which a darkie came and announced himself as our guide, so off we went with him about 7 o'clock. There are two regular routes to the cave, one called the long and the other the short route, the latter, which we were about to take, occupied about four hours, while the long one takes from seven to eight. It was a lovely moonlight night, and we got to the mouth of the cavern in about five minutes. The day, as I have said, had been very hot, and the night was close. Just before entering there was a curious phenomenon—you could literally have one hand in hot air, and the other in the cold. There was a strong breeze blowing out of the cave. We went downhill some few yards, and were very soon actually in the cave. The bats were flying about in every direction—there were hundreds clinging to the rock. They flock here, especially in winter, when they hang to the sides of the roof of the cave till spring, at which time they will begin flying about, but at night time only. After about 100 yards, we went through an iron grating gate, and soon afterwards were free of the bats. It struck us a little chilly at first on entering the cave, but we soon got used to it, and the temperature was delightful, being 54°, from which it does not vary in the least from one year's end to the other. The air is beautifully pure, and it must be bracing, as, though we walked 10½ miles, the next day we were not the least bit tired, in spite of our bad training. Some years ago some consumptive people tried to go down and live there in hopes of bettering themselves, but the results were fatal: one man went so far as to stay there for five months without coming out. Our guide was a bit of a wag, and for the first hour brought out his "jokes" apropos to the cave in great form. We pursued our way down the main cave, which is six miles in length, varying from 40 to 150 feet in height, and from 60 to 300 in width. Soon after entering the mouth there are some remains of water pipes and props for pits, which were used by the saltpetre miners in 1812. After about a mile we turned off the main cave and went into what is called "the Gothic avenue," on account of the stalactites and stalagmites forming most grotesque and picturesque shapes. There were two or three things pointed out to our notice, with more or less appropriate names; there was one place, "Napoleon's Dome," I think, which was most marvellous; the water had worked its way in there, I *presume*, and not being able to get away easily, had formed an eddy which had eaten away the rocks to a great depth, and in most marvellous shapes. To get to the bottom of it we had to pass through "Elbow Room," which, as its name implies, is a very narrow channel in the rock. I only wish my powers of expressing myself were clearer, so that I could give you some vague idea; but the marvels of nature in this case are far beyond my powers of description, even if I could remember them all, which I cannot, as we twisted and turned about in such a marvellous manner. We then passed by a place called "Mummy's Cave" and "Wooden Bowl"—the former because an Indian woman's mummy was found there, with that of her child, both perfectly preserved, and the latter because an Indian bowl was found there. Another place, somewhat like Nap's Dome, only deeper (being 235 feet), we looked through a sort of window about half way from the bottom, while the guide went up above and threw some lighted

paper down ; such a sight it was ! the rocks worn in most marvellous shapes. The ceiling too, in some places which we walked along, was most curiously worked, where the water had eaten away the soft rock, and left the harder parts, while in other places it was worn quite smooth, but those —— snobs will persist in burning their names everywhere, as everyone carries a lantern. In one place, the roof was worn away just like "philosopher's brains" by the water trickling down, eating away the soft rock, and leaving the hard, while in another place the same process had left it pointed like needles. (Just had a spider all over my face and up my arm !) Stalactites are said to take five years to make a piece as thin as a wafer. How many years did it take to form these monsters ? They are never formed in sandstone but only in limestone, as the latter is not porous, whereas the former is. The water on its way through the limestone, forms bicarbonate of lime, and the stalactites and stalagmites are translucent as long as they are still forming, as a great many of these are, but when finished forming, the action of the air forms oxide of iron, and makes them dull. Sometimes there is a layer of sandstone under the limestone, and the water comes through very gradually, and instead of dripping off, has more the tendency of oozing just like perspiration, thus forming gypsum or sulphate of lime ; this has the effect of producing most lovely flowerlike effects ; the water oozes through a hole, and then the gypsum forms, whilst the water oozing through, keeps pushing the already formed gypsum further and further away from the centre, and thus forms most perfect flowery effects and designs of every imaginable shapes and sizes. We only saw one perfect specimen of it, but next day we saw lots, as I will tell you. We managed to procure some bits, so we will be better able to explain it. The gypsum is beautifully white, and somewhat inclined to crumble. After walking through all sorts of chambers and channels, and looking down into deep holes "curiously wrought," but not "with divers colours," we at last came to the "Star Chamber;" it was at the end of a long gallery ; the rocks on each side were all sorts of shapes, and up above was a most perfect imitation of stars formed by sulphate of soda or crystallized gypsum. Our guide took our lamps away, and went down into a channel on a lower level, where, by moving the lamps, he made a cloud pass over the sky, then he disappeared altogether, and left us in total darkness, and total and truly awful stillness and silence, as for some minutes none of us spoke or made a sound. Presently we saw the light *very* dim, and heard a most perfect imitation of a cock crowing, then a cow mooed, then a dog barked, and then William (for such is the guide's name), appeared with the lights. When he was below us, and the light on the ceiling above, it wanted but very little imagination to fancy that one was in a deep ravine with the stars twinkling above. One time (before the Star Chamber), we thought we heard voices above ; our guide hollod out, when we heard a man (as we thought) answer him, but presently we suspected something, and "jigger me !" if our Bill was not greening us by ventriloquizing. After this we set out on our homeward walk, and reached the hotel soon after 10 p.m. These caves measure 125 miles, when all the branches, and the main caves are taken into account, and

were only discovered in 1812 by a wounded bear running in there. The lowest part is about 300 feet below the earth. Our man was extremely interesting, as he knew a thing or two about geology.

Tuesday, 4th.—At 10 o'clock we set off with Bill and dog for the long route, when we walked nine miles into the heart of the earth; I don't mean nine miles as the crow flies, but counting all the turns and bends which are somewhat numerous. For about a mile we followed the main cave and then turned off through "Fat Man's Misery," which well deserves the name, as the water has worn away the rock (grey limestone) and made a serpent-like channel for some hundred yards in length up to one's middle, and there is only just room to pass. After emerging from there it is "short and stout's" turn to laugh as we came to "Tall Man's Misery," which, as its name implies, is very low; and even "little I" had to bend almost double; this brought us to "Great Relief," soon after which we came to a place only half a mile from the cave's mouth, though we had been two miles to get to it; the name of the place was the "Corkscrew," of which anon; after going across the "Sandy Desert," we came to the "River Styx" and "Lake Lethe," which at present are only little ponds, but after very heavy rains a river comes rushing down here, which agrees somehow with a river outside called the Green River; in those waters we saw a few crayfish and other fish, the latter were only about an inch long, but they do run as big as six inches. Soon after Lethe we came to "Echo Lake," which is a piece of water half a mile in length, averaging 50 feet broad and from *somewhere* about 50 feet high, to a part so low that we had to bend right down while passing in the boat. When we had gone a few yards, William gave three long, separate, clear notes, the effect was something too exquisite, sounding exactly like a most beautiful organ; he then sang a few lines of a melody, which sounded very pretty, but did not give the harmony so much as the three single notes had given; you could hear too with great accuracy whenever he made the slightest false note; there was one part, where the cave was medium high, that it sounded quite its best, it was a curious sensation of gliding along without any noise whatever. After about twenty minutes on the water (though it seemed about five) we disembarked and walked on through a very long gallery without anything *particularly* striking, although some of the holes worn away by water or otherwise were most extraordinary; there were different names given to different parts of the gallery, with more or less appropriateness; the road twisted and turned about wonderfully, till at last we came to a place where we had to crawl up through rocks by means of ladders; this brought us to another gallery where there were *huge* lumps of stalactites and stalagmites, which when lighted up looked exactly like grapes. Here we stopped and had lunch: one very curious thing I have forgotten to mention, and that is, where the oxide of iron had formed most wonderful shapes on the rocks—in one place there was a most perfect likeness to an anteater, while in another two giants were represented throwing a baby from one to the other, this was not so good. It was 1.20 when we had done lunch, and had set out on our way

again, the most wonderful part was yet to come; after scrambling along rocks for some time, we came to a broad gallery, the ceiling and sides of which were adorned with most splendid patterns of gypsum, the whole roof and sides were covered with this most exquisite work forming all sorts of shapes and sizes, we soon after came to a place where the work was about as fine as about three pins put together. We managed to get two or three specimens, two of which are very good. This lovely work lasted for about a mile when we came to the "Rocky Mountains," which are well named, as there are an enormous chaos of rocks which one has to scramble over till you come to the end of the cave, which is extremely fine. It is one mass of stalactites and stalagmites but none of these are particularly curious in *shape*, it is more their enormous quantity, as the whole roof and sides are one mass of them. From one side we looked down about 100 feet into the "Maelstrom," one of those curious holes formed, I suppose, by some eddy. After this we started back by the same way we had come till we came to the "Corkscrew," and then, instead of going through "Fat Man's Misery," we went back by the "Corkscrew" which was only discovered some few years ago by our William. Before entering into it, we saw a most peculiar offshoot of the cave called the "Butcher's Shop," because the water has worn the ceiling away so as to look like hanging meat (?) it is most curious; but to continue our tortuous way through the "Corkscrew," it is a most marvellous bit indeed! we had to scramble over rocks through a very narrow channel, so narrow that in one place we regularly had to *wriggle* through; in three places where the rocks were too big and too steep to climb over, ladders had been placed to complete the connection. I have no idea how far the "Corkscrew" extends, but as far as I can now remember, I should say about quarter mile. After a most intricate scramble, we found ourselves about half mile from the mouth of the cave, which was a good many feet higher than the end of the "Corkscrew" which we had entered. We got back to the hotel, having walked $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles underneath the earth. They will not allow anyone to survey it, lest it should be found that it is under somebody else's ground other than that of the man's on whose the entrance is. After dinner we sat out for some time, and, before turning in, G. and I wrote a bit.

Wednesday, 5th.—G., Joe and I had settled to walk to Cave City, and accordingly left the hotel at 7.40, leaving H. to follow in the stage coach. The morning was perfect, not a cloud in the sky, and just a nice breeze; our road lay, all but about the last mile or two, through lovely oak forests they had taken some little trouble to thin out a bit, so there were one or two pieces of fine timber; besides oak there was very little else except sasafras, and every here and there a walnut or two; during the latter part of the way, however, there were some other trees, amongst them long thorned acacias. After we had gone $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, we stopped to have a look at some Indian arrow heads and other things which a man had for sale, as well as a large collection of gypsum and other geological specimens. It was a curious way he had of selling, we gave him a dollar, and for that he allowed us to take away almost

as much as ever we wished. If the arrow heads are real, they are dirt cheap, and I don't think it would pay them to *make* them, as the amount of trouble would not allow him to sell them wholesale like that. We saw no end of buzzards swooping about, and a lot of smaller birds, one of which was a woodpecker with a beautiful red head. There were no end of different kinds of oaks, and some of the leaves were enormous. I picked a lot of leaves in order, if possible, to find out their names, one of these, which I picked off a quite small sapling, measured $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 9 inches across, whilst another from the same tree was $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches by 3 across; from another sapling I picked a peculiar square-headed leaf $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by $9\frac{7}{8}$ across; on the larger trees the leaves do not appear to run so enormous. William had told us there were a lot of hickory about here, but we didn't see any, except a few round the hotel. We got to Cave City about 11.40, and had just half an hour before the train started to get our things together, feed and—I was going to say—wash, but there was no time for that, so we had to content ourselves with the other two, even that was a bit of a scramble. We presented a goodly sight when the train came up, carrying our fossils, leaves and thorns all loose as we had no time to put them together, our boots in our hands, and only with slippers on; however there was no one much to see us as the car was full of country folk. There was a delightful “paté” of nigs, a father and four little brats on a seat intended for two persons, those little black brats are such jolly looking little imps with their curly heads and solemn bright-eyed faces. We had to change at Cincinnati junction, about two hours after leaving Cave City, and of course got in with the inevitable “Cherubim and Seraphim” baby. We travelled at a good round pace through cultivated country and got to Cincinnati somewhere between 8.30 and 9.30. Here we went to the Grand Hotel, and then turned in. Now that I come to think of it we must have got in not later than 8.30, as we had supper and then a stroll before turning in. We received some letters, but I forget their date. I must tell you that since the middle of the last page I am writing on my knees, which, together with the rest of my legs, landed me aboard my old friend the “Scythia” yesterday at 7.50, so you must excuse me if I am somewhat doubtful occasionally.

Thursday, 6th.—After breakfast we set out to deliver a letter from Pardee to the firm of Kellog & Walsh, Whiskey Distillers. We found the former in, he received us most kindly and told us what to do and see, and also gave us a letter to the largest distilleries in the town. So, after seeing a very handsome fountain brought from Munich, we went down to the distillery, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the hotel; as bad luck would have it, our friend had gone home to lunch and wouldn't be back for an hour, so we returned to the hotel, lunched, and went back again; still he was not there, so some man who knew nothing about it, took us over it, and we learnt little or nothing. All that I could make out was that the meal which is made apparently out of almost any grain, is mixed with boiling water, and then stirred about in a huge copper by machinery; it is then allowed to stand in

order to ferment, then yeast is added, it is boiled, and the meal separated from the liquid. The man was very good natured, but knew absolutely *nothing*. After that, we went to the Exposition which is much larger than that of Chicago, but in some things didn't seem so good. There was an excellent collection of stones of the country, and some from other lands, amongst which was some flint from the White Cliffs of Dover. I never knew before that flint and amethyst belonged to the same genus, viz: quartz, of which there are almost numberless different species. There was a model of a nugget of gold found in Australia, worth 41,370,000 dollars or £8,274,000, a nice little haul!• There was also an extremely interesting collection of marbles of different kinds, amongst which was some beautiful white gypsum and some pink. The collection was very good, as it had specimens from all parts of the world. There were also a lot of Antedeluvian animals, amongst which was a specimen of a mammoth, and my word! *what* tusks!! By the bye, Thunder Bay, on Lake Superior, is very rich in precious stones, especially amethysts. I should liked to have spent a long time in the geological department, but we hadn't time, so we passed through the globe department on to the birds, of which, however, there was a poor collection, though well stuffed. On our way we passed a case of Indian arrow heads, &c., exactly like our own. G. and H. then went to the pictures, but as we didn't see much fun in looking at pictures by gaslight, Joe and I roamed about in other departments, amongst which, one was that of the flowers; the Americans, so far as we saw, certainly have *no* flowers that can compare with ours, but their palms are very fine. There where no ferns as good as ours at H. L., and as to the geraniums——! We had awful fun with a man who was exhibiting a patent stirrup leather with a spring in the middle of it! Imagine the result. We asked him very politely what was its particular merit, upon which he was very rude, so we had some fun out of him at his expense, and he got awfully shirty when I asked him if they had good hunting about there! and if the saddle that he showed was the regular American saddle. We got back about 6.30, and after supper went to see Joe Jefferson acting Bob Acres in "The Rivals." We had taken a box right on the stage for 5 dollars (£1.) The whole company was excellent, and as to Jefferson he was wonderfully good, his changes of expression being especially clever. I have not enjoyed a theatre so much for a long time. The building itself was very poor, but the house was crammed.

Friday, 7th.—After breakfast we went to see Mr. Kellog, who had promised to show us over a brewery. However, he said it would be better if we went in the afternoon, so we took the tramway and drove out of the city to Mount Auburn. The city itself lies in a hollow, with hills all round, as far as I remember, and they have elevators which carry the cars up to the top of the hill; they then go on for about another $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 miles. These elevators (or inclined plane, as they call them here,) go up at an angle of

*A model of the same nugget may be seen at the British Museum.

about 42; the horses simply draw the car on, and then up it goes, and they get off at the top, and go on again without being unharnessed or anything. We went about as far as one line of cars went, and then walked a little way, and took another line, which landed us at the Zoo. I can hardly give any opinion of it, as we saw so little. There were some splendid gold and silver pheasants; but the lions, &c., &c., were wretchedly poor. I don't know what was the matter with us that morning, but we were all very mad, and we must have astonished the natives, I *guess*! We got back to the town soon after 1 o'clock, and went straight to Mr. Kellog, who gave us a most excellent dinner at his club. About 3.30 we set out for the brewery, which was most interesting, and of which I will make a memo. The process of malt making is as follows:—The oats are spread out on a floor, and kept moist till they swell and sprout; they are then taken into a hot room, where they are dried, and kept till wanted. The malt is then put into a boiler, and boiled together with hops, the amounts used being at the rates of $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of malt and 2 lbs. of hops to a barrel. It then passes to a mash tub, where it is simply stirred about, I fancy, then boiled again and poured into a vat, where it cools gradually; after which it is run over pipes, in which there is iced water, into barrels below, where the yeast is added, and fermentation takes place; when it is put into barrels, and put down amongst ice, to be kept as cold as possible, and sold about five months afterwards. They make from 900 to 1,000 barrels per day. The great town for beer is Milwaukee, and excellent (Lager) beer it is too. After the brewery, we were taken to the Cuvier Club, where they have a very fine collection of birds and fishes, and for the most part well stuffed. We had only time to run through this in a great hurry, as we had to get back to the hotel and pack for the 8.30 train to N. Y. Cincinnati has a population of 255,000, of which more than one-third are Germans. It is a nice town, and, for a wonder, has fairly respectable pavement. Unlike most of these towns, it has not sprung up very suddenly—for an American town that is to say,—and though a prosperous town, is not increasing at such a prodigious pace as most of them. There are some very nice houses, and fine streets all through, though no one is far above all the rest, as is usually the case I think. Cincinnati is a great place for furniture too, and there are some fine shops. At 8.30 we left by the Pan Handle R. R., which seems to be a branch of the celebrated Pennsylvania R. R. It is certainly out and out the best line we have been on, both as to pace and smooth going. The permanent way is beautifully kept, being entirely laid with broken-up rock.

Saturday, 8th.—We reached Pittsburg at 7.30 (?) stayed there twenty minutes for breakfast, and from there we travelled on the Pennsylvania itself. What I have said of the Pan Handle applies equally to this. I forgot to say we did not have to change cars at Pittsburg. P. is the great place for iron foundries, and as we passed through at 7.30, there was a forest of chimnies with the flames rushing out of them, the atmosphere of the town looked very like that of Liverpool. There are some large Coal Mines near here, but all

American coal is very soft and consequently smoky, as we know to our cost on the railways, though on many lines they burn wood which is just as bad. All through America, the engines are very low, the funnels short, the carriages are high and ventilated from the top, so that all things combine to make the carriages full of smoke if you are going against the wind, at least it seemed to be the case. Their engines over here too struck me very much, they seem to be such wretched little things—even the Pennsylvania has not any to be compared to the English—some of those on the G.W.R. for instance—and our fly wheels are ever so much bigger than theirs! but to continue—we soon found ourselves flying through most lovely country at a rattling pace, swinging round sharp curves without shutting off the least steam, curling and winding about along the valley with steep mountains thickly grown with trees sloping down, and the river for some time on our left. After about a couple of hours, the scenery was extremely grand, and the twisting and curving of the railway marvellous. At about 10.30 we passed Johnstown, a great iron foundry place. After that, to the best of my recollection, we passed through some fine cultured land, and then, for a time, it was very wild again. We were gradually rising for a long time, having taken up a second engine at Johnstown. At times the incline was wonderfully steep; when we got to the summit of the pass, we unhooked our other engine without stopping, we then passed some pretty level bits for a very short way, if I remember rightly, and then came to the descent; we went winding away round to the left down the side of the mountain, with the valley below us and high mountains on the other side of it, the incline was steeper than that by which we had ascended, and we were going down solely by the impetus of our own weight, the whole being regulated by the steam breaks. After a long descent, we turned a wonderfully sharp curve, so sharp as to form a perfect U, and then we went down another mountain which we had got on to by means of this wonderful sharp turn to the right, and continued going down this steep incline nearly till we got to Altoona (at 12.25): far away above us on our right we could see a luggage train puffing up the steep incline. The whole ascent occupies eleven miles from the Pittsburg side, but I don't know how long it is on the New York side, it is decidedly steeper on the latter. The scenery was simply splendid, and I was the more delighted as I had no idea that the Alleghany Mountains were so wonderfully fine. The rest of the journey was not so imposingly grand, but was for the most part extremely pretty and well cultivated, and at times you could almost fancy yourself in the old country, travelling through the lovely agricultural parts. We reached Philadelphia at 6.30 (about), and got to N. Y. at 9 o'clock. I think we were about 10 minutes late, but am not sure. We did *move* sometimes at a tidy pace, but there is a nasty trick they have got on the American lines, viz:—they never give you any warning, they tell you how long you have got and stay that time, very often longer; on the Pen. R. R. they gave us 5 minutes' warning in the restaurant before the train left, but beyond shouting out (not at all loud) "all aboard," once, or perhaps twice, they never think of giving you any more warning, but off they go, without a whistle or anything, and on most lines the names of the stations

are not written up, they only just shout the name once in the car just before you get there, so if you are asleep you stand a good chance of overshooting the mark. By-the-bye, I should have told you that the line from Cincinnati to Pittsburg has (I am nearly certain) two sets of rails, and from P. to N. Y. it has three sets in many places. Arrived at Brooklyn, we took the ferry across to N. Y. where Ernest had taken rooms at the Hoffman House for us. At 11.30 our luggage had not arrived, so we turned in without it.

Sunday, 9th.—We did not have breakfast till near 10 o'clock, and while so engaged, Maurice La Montague came in bringing us your letters. We then went to (what turned out to be) a very high church. After which returned to hotel and read your letters and changed our rooms, as they had given us some smelling unpleasantly strong of the pot and brush, that and a little writing took up the time till 4.30, when we went round to the La Montague's, No. 40 in 28th Street. They had returned from Rockaway the previous Tuesday, but the Ernests' and Renés' are still down there. We sat there talking till about 6 o'clock, when we returned to the hotel. After a stroll, just as we were going up stairs, Pierre came into the hotel, having just come up from Rockaway, and he sat talking with us in our room till we went down to dinner. The only bit of luggage we had lost on our whole trip, was that my basket was missing when we got to N. Y. but it made its appearance while we were at church.

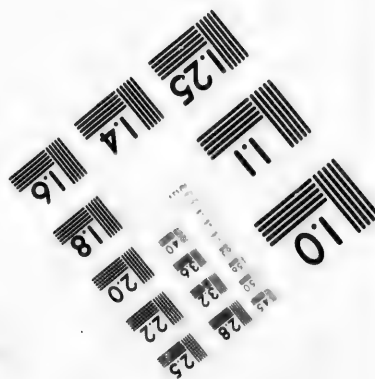
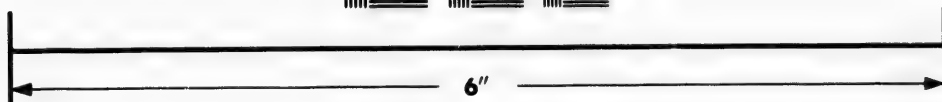
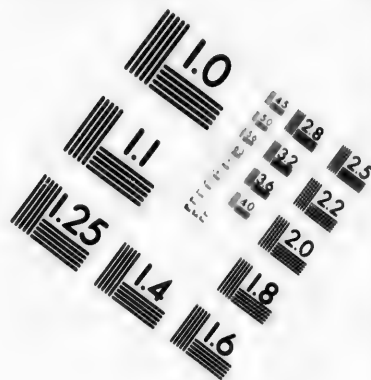
Monday, 10th.—Just as we were finishing breakfast, Ernest appeared, so we went down to the office, where we saw René, and after staying there some little time, went to the Cunard Office to see about one or two things, and then to Jackson's, where H. had gone when we went to Beaver Street. Just as I came out of the Cunard Office, who should I meet but young Cunard, cousin of Sir B., whom I had not seen since he left Eton. On leaving Jackson's we went to Delmonico's, where we had some proper oysters, not like those awful things we had tasted at Chicago (which by the way is pronounced "Sheorgo" over here.) Delmonico has four houses in the city, all better one than the other. After lunch we took the elevated railroad back "up town," and as good luck would have it, we took a wrong turning which leads past a fire engine station. As we had heard a great deal about them, but never seen one, we stopped and had a look in, and one of the men very good-naturedly showed us how it acts. The horses are standing alongside of the engine, and when there is a fire, notice is given by means of electric wires which run from the stations to various lamp posts in the city. A person wishing to give notice of a fire goes to a man at whose house the key of the box containing the alarm signal is kept; he then pulls some handle which is attached to the electric wires. This strikes the alarm bell at the station, and at the same time undoes the hook of the horses' head straps; at this the dear nags go straight to their places. The harness is all suspended on hooks; the collar has a hinge at the top, and when the horses are in their places the collar is let down upon them, and the clasp at the bottom is shut. They have always their bridles on, so it only remains to fasten the reins by means of one single

clasp (similar to that which fastens a watch to its chain), fasten some other piece of harness by means of a similar clasp; the driver then gets up and pulls a string, which lets all the rest of the harness down on the horses, and away they go, and in $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds from the time the alarm bell is struck they are off; at least that is what the man told us, but I think his imagination worked a little too quick. It is undoubtedly marvellous, the pace at which they can get off. You see they only have two collars to clasp together, and four spring hooks to fasten, all of which is done in less than no time. I don't think I've made the collar dodge clear; it is thus:—The collar has a hinge at the top and hangs from the hook; they simply have to unhook it and press the two ends together. After this we went to Sarony and made an appointment for 10 o'clock the next day to have our "pictur" took. We returned to the hotel and then walked some way up Fifth Avenue, with which I was agreeably surprised. I had not really seen the best part before, and it is undoubtedly a fine street, but shocking badly paved. We returned to the hotel to dress, as we were to dine with Ernest at 7.30 at Delmonico's. When we came out of the hotel we saw a very strong light, which turned out to be a fire in Twenty-fourth Street. A tramcar station had caught fire, and was blazing merrily; some part of a storehouse caught fire, and a lot of goods lost. The following day, when we passed at 6.30 p.m., it was still burning, though there was no danger, as it was only refuse and debris. We had a very pleasant evening indeed; all the brothers were there, besides a Mr. George Work, Mrs. René's brother, and some man in L's. office, a Frenchman.

Tuesday, 11th.—At 10 o'clock we went to Sarony, and were taken in a group as well as separately. I expected to be put in all sorts of attitudes; however they were very good, and didn't bother us at all. After this we went and invested in some literature for on board ship, which done, we returned to the hotel, and then went off to the station, where we had agreed to meet Maurice, and go with him to the races at Jerome Park. They were an improvement on Saratoga, but the riding was shocking; bits of boys are shoved on to the horses' backs, and there they remain, more by good luck than good management, with no more idea of riding than a monkey. In one race some of them began to whip directly they started; one man at the start (which usually occupies about 10 minutes), gave his animal a gentle (?) reminder just to make sure it was awake. It was a most absurd sight, the wretched horse was standing perfectly still when the monkey on his back gave him an awful warmer for (apparently) no earthly reason but for something to do. The last race was a steeplechase; the jumps were, if possible, smaller than those of Saratoga, notwithstanding which two horses came to grief at the first fence, which was a "footy" hurdle. We got back to the hotel at 6.30, and were to dine with the La Montagues at 7 o'clock. We had a very pleasant evening there, after which I took an affectionate farewell of all our most kind friends, and returned to the hotel at 12 o'clock about; but I had all my packing to do, as we had not had a minute in which I could have done it before. However Joe very kindly helped me, and so it did not take very long.

Wednesday, 12th.—We were astir by 6 o'clock, and left the hotel at 7.30, reaching the Cunard wharf at 7.50. We first went and put my luggage in my cabin, which is No. 124 on the saloon deck, just behind the saloon, and which I have all to myself. It is not such a good cabin as those forward of the engines on the main deck, as there is more noise from the screw. However, I am "all right up to now," and it is better than having some beast in my cabin. Not finding our chairs on board, we went on to the wharf for them, and who should we see, among a lot of people round the 5th Avenue Hotel 'bus, but Sam Bircham! I was, as you may imagine, delighted to see him; Joe and I simultaneously exclaimed, "Well, this is jolly." We then left him to go after our chairs. (N.B.—He has just passed through the saloon, and begs to be remembered very kindly to you all. On a Yankee's asking him what of the night, he replied, "D—d dark, and stinks o' cheese," (*vide* Jorrocks) much to the other's astonishment.) but to continue. We returned on board with our chairs, and G. and Joe remained with me till ordered off, and punctually at 9 o'clock we "moved on." I watched them (I don't know what became of H.) till we were fairly off, and saw them leave the wharf. S. B. then introduced me to Mr. Earle, with whom he has been travelling. It was a bit misty at first, but that soon cleared off, and we had a good view of the harbour, which is certainly very fine. We dropped our pilot about 11.30 at Sandy Hook, and I sent Joe a line to tell him of my good luck in my cabin. We passed the "Bothnia" about 10 o'clock. After dropping our pilot we lay to for a few minutes to put something right, and then went on. We were very soon among the white horses, and had a little motion. We have 170 passengers, of whom some of the men seem very nice. We have not many Yankees. Mr. Monier Williams, the son of the professor, is on board. I am on the captain's right, with a most *charming* old Paddy next me, and another very nice Paddy next to him, with whom he has been travelling. Mr. John Sturgiss, son of the man who was at Walton, is also on board with his two daughters. He is an extremely nice man, and his daughters seem very ladylike, though I have not yet the pleasure of their acquaintance. S. B. introduced me to Mr. S. The old captain is a bit heavy, but extremely agreeable when wound up.

Thursday, 13th.—A dullish morning, with but little motion. Played shovel board with Mr. S., B., and others. At noon the log registered 301 miles from Sandy Hook. P.M. spent in reading and writing. During breakfast Mr. Alderman Knight (Elm Side, Hampton-on-Thames,) sent his card to the captain, as he is very ill. Soon after 8 o'clock I went right forward, where the 2nd officer (by name McMahon) was on watch. He recognized me at once, though I had not spoken to him on my way out. He seems a very nice fellow, and a perfect gentleman. The poor fellow has had an unhappy position in life. His father died when he was young, and his guardian, who was the son of the first wife, contrived to persuade him to enter the French navy, and by so doing he forfeited the money left him by his father; he didn't know it at the time, but his guardian did. He was



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extremely interesting, and told me all about his experience in the merchant service; and, talking of the navy, told me of the dreadful ignorance on the part of some officers in naval affairs, not even knowing the most elementary things in a sailing ship, and unseaman-like manner on the part of the men. All the officers of this line (and of no other) must have commanded a ship. He was brought up at the Jesuit College at Paris, of which he spoke most highly, but not so of the Lycée. (Golly! how we are rolling!) I don't remember having had such an interesting conversation for a long time, and I was quite sorry when I found it was past midnight, and that he had already been relieved.

Friday, 14th.—A dull a.m., with a bit of a sea, which increased during the day, till we found ourselves rolling *frightfully*, as we were broadside on to the wind. We had a lot of sail up yesterday, having as much as eight sails set at one time. We had the wind dead in our teeth at starting, but it kindly got round to the port side during the p.m., and yesterday p.m. got round to starboard, where it has been ever since. We had a pool on the 24 hours' run; 314 was the winning number. In the course of the p.m. we rolled right merrily, and about 4 p.m. I was happily reading "Nicholas Nickleby," when I found myself seated on the deck in an elegant position, but another wave good naturedly rolled me back, and I continued my book in peace. But a few seconds after about half a dozen seeing how elegantly I did it tried to imitate me, but disapproved of the game, and so retired to "seek the seclusion which the cabin grants." Later on, S. B. and I tried to move about, but it was out of the question. It was rare fun watching a middle aged old chap trying to get about, but not daring to do so without having hold of something. We were running a little over 11 knots just before dinner. We had to be very careful to keep our soup from running over, for if you put it down on the table it was very soon empty, the only way of making sure that it went down the right way was to hold your plate in one hand. During dinner Mr. S. asked me if I had been at Pau, and on my replying in the affirmative, he said, "There is a Mr. Griffiths on board, who thinks he ought to know you." He is travelling with his wife and three children. I shall have to get Mr. S. to point them out to me, as I'm sure I don't remember them. There are also a Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds on board, whom we saw two or three times in America, but never spoke to them, but of course we have fraternized, and they seem very nice. In fact I know a good many nice people, and I think I shall enjoy this passage.

Saturday, 15th.—A roughish night—rolling horrid—however slept like a top till "early in de morning," but could not get to sleep again, as I was being chucked about like a feather in my berth. The morning was lovely, but we were still rolling a bit, and it was gone before I knew where I was. Mr. Earle showed us his photos of Yosemite—such beauties! Spent most of a.m. talking to some very nice fellows. Log registered only 291. Rolling subsided, and now it is not half so bad as it was, though we are far from

steady; however, it is a good long steady roll, and rather pleasant than otherwise, and my old paddy, by name Gould, and his friend Cade and I have struck up great friends; they are both awfully nice old boys (though it is not fair to call them old), evidently keen sportsmen, Conservatives, and perfect gentlemen. To-night is fine, and wind still in same quarter.

Sunday, 16th.—Lovely morning, but began to rain early; p.m. about 9 o'clock it began to blow hard. Went to bed at 12, but at 2.30 gave up sleep as a bad job, and went on deck, where the sight I saw was too lovely, the last quarter of moon shining bright, stars bright, and sea very high. After two hours I returned, and managed to sleep till 7, by means of stopping up my ears, and so avoiding the awful row caused by the screw when out of water.

Monday, 17th.—By 9 a.m., there was a good heavy sea on, and it was a splendid sight to see it come towering over the stern, and then we would rise beautifully on the top of it, it increased steadily all day, and now (9.30 p.m.) I think I may call it a strong gale. In the morning we were sitting about on deck, when a huge sea rushed from under us and curling back broke over the deck, covering it about a foot deep in water—from time to time we had heavy squalls which swept over us, tossing us about finely. It was a glorious sight indeed to see those enormous waves many feet above the ship. I spent the evening in writing.

Tuesday, 18th.—The night was very dirty—Captain Murphy said it was the worst gale he has had this year—he was up all night. When I went on deck at 9 o'clock, the gale was still very heavy, and kept washing over the deck, so read in the saloon, but in the afternoon I could stand it no longer, so went on deck; the waves were enormous, and for the first few minutes I confess that I held my breath, as an enormous wave would be seen towering far above the stern, but the old ship rose most beautifully to them while they came rushing under her. It was indeed a sight! after I had been up about half an hour, one wave did come aboard at the stern and made the deck about one foot deep in water. Luckily there were no ladies on deck, and only a few men. The gale continued with unabated fury all the day. Some of the squalls were very heavy, and were as often as not accompanied with very heavy hail. I watched the sea the whole afternoon, and could have watched it longer, had not the dinner bell sounded and summoned me below. Dinner was, to say the least of it, under difficulties. I spent the evening playing gobang with the Miss Sturgisses, however, as I got beaten every game I suggested backgammon, which brought me better luck, and I had an awful close game. Just before turning in, it was very curious to see the balls of phosphorus trotting about the deck after we had shipped a big wave.

Wednesday, 19th.—I don't know how I have managed to sleep the last two nights, as the screw was nearly as much out of water as it was in.

(N.B.—It must be remembered I have just returned from America.) However, such was the will of fate that my slumbers were not in the least disturbed, though I heard the row in my sleep. A lovely a.m., with sea somewhat abated and no squalls worth mentioning. Spent a.m. reading and watching the sea, which was a seraphic colour. Afternoon repetition of a.m., with addition of asking and answering riddles with the S. party and S. B. A pitch-dark night. A pool was got up, after which I had a very good game of backgammon with the elder Miss S., and ended up with "consequences" which were splendid.

Thursday, 20th.—A glorious day. Wrote letters and diary all a.m.; in p.m. there was a great excitement watching the "Canada," a French steamship which left N. Y. with us. She crossed just ahead of us, so we could see her plainly; "the knowing ones say," she had not had as much of the storm as ourselves. There were also a lot of porpoises, and there were also some land-birds flying round the ship. There was a concert in the evening in aid of the Seamen's Orphan Home (L'pool and N. Y.). I did not go down, as it was such a glorious night, and spent my time on the hurricane deck star-gazing.

Friday, 21st.—A fine day, but head-wind blowing hard, so that we went about 9 or 10 knots. Wrote all a.m. and part of p.m., which was not so fine; but there was a glorious sunset, though very wild. After dinner played backgammon with Miss S., and afterwards "cheating," over which we made a fearful row. Passed the "Adriatic" about 10 p.m. outward bound. A truly vile night, and we went about 8 or 9 knots.

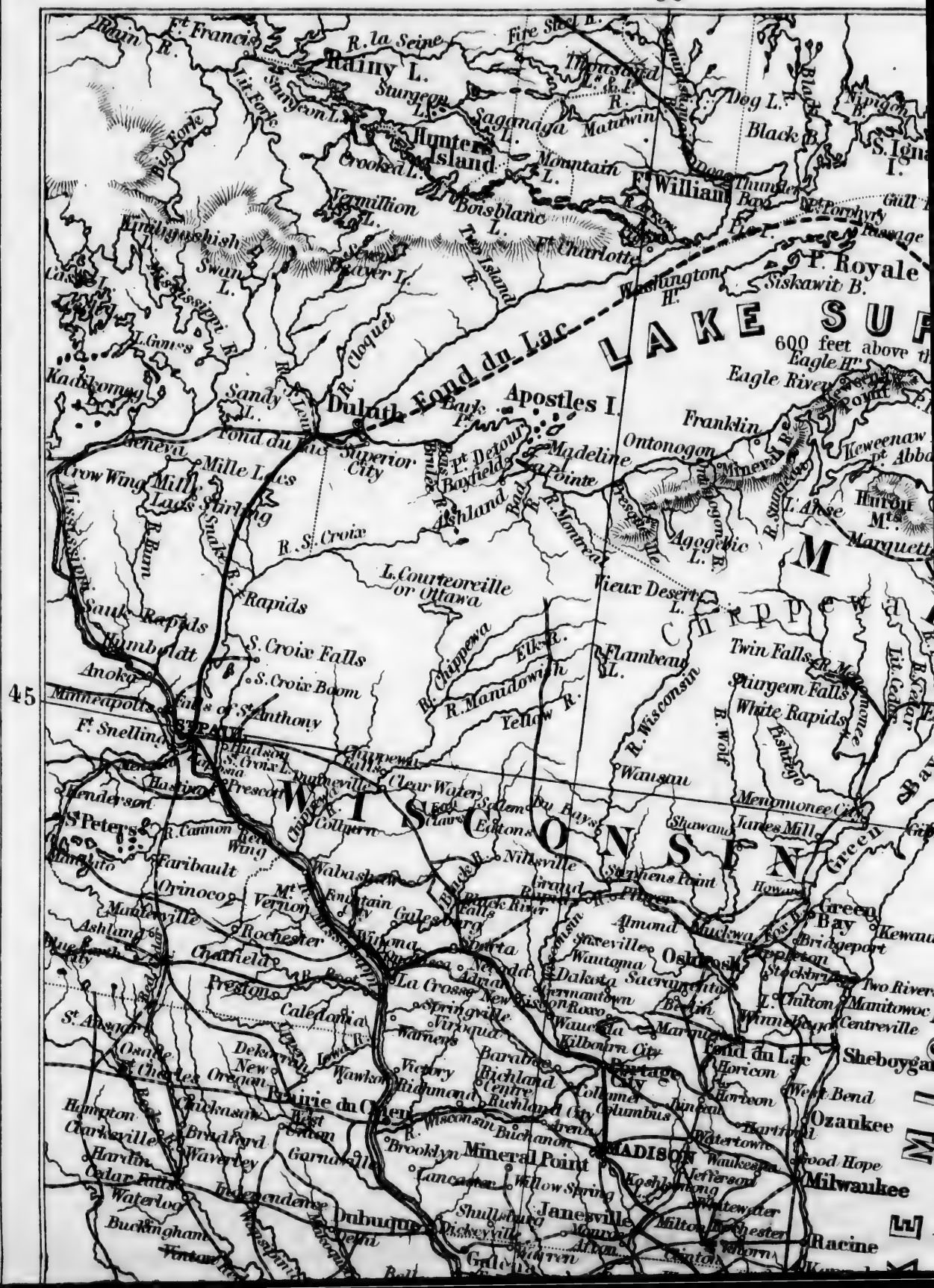
Saturday, 22nd.—I heard yesterday that the gale is registered on the Log "Strong gale, terrific squalls, tremendous seas." The chief engineer says he has never known the ship's engines so severely tried. We made Queenstown about 11 o'clock a.m., and about 20 minutes after the "Jackal" took about half-a-dozen people off amidst a shower of potatoes. We got out of the harbour about 11.30, and are now labouring against a choppy sea at the rate of 7 or 8 knots. When shall we reach Liverpool? . . . Well! since I wrote the last words we have landed at Liverpool, and I have returned to Oxford. The whole of Saturday was a truly vile day; no sooner had we got out of Queenstown than it began to blow "pugdogs and porcupines," and we got a regular churning and shaking; at times we only went 7 knots, and I began to wonder what the Dons would say. It showed one the difference between an Atlantic roll and a short choppy sea. I went to bed wondering whether I should catch the 4 o'clock express to London, after driving myself crazy trying to get to Oxford direct.

Sunday, 23rd.—Who can describe or imagine my mingled joy and surprise when the steward told me that ever since twelve o'clock last night we had been doing 12 or 13 knots. After finishing up letters and packing I paced the deck till about 11.30, when we had lunch, and at 12.30 were riding at anchor in the Mersey just outside the Cunard docks, and about 4 miles from our landing-place. By 1.40 we were giving the old "Scythia," and afterwards the captain and crew,

three hearty cheers from the tender which was soon to land me on the same wharf from which I had started fourteen weeks and one day before, thus ending a most enjoyable trip, which has quite borne out all that I had previously heard of American hospitality; for, however strange and novel the manners and customs may at times have appeared, I must gratefully acknowledge that wherever we went we were received, not merely with cordial welcome, but every facility and information was afforded, which contributed very much to the pleasure and to the success of the tour.

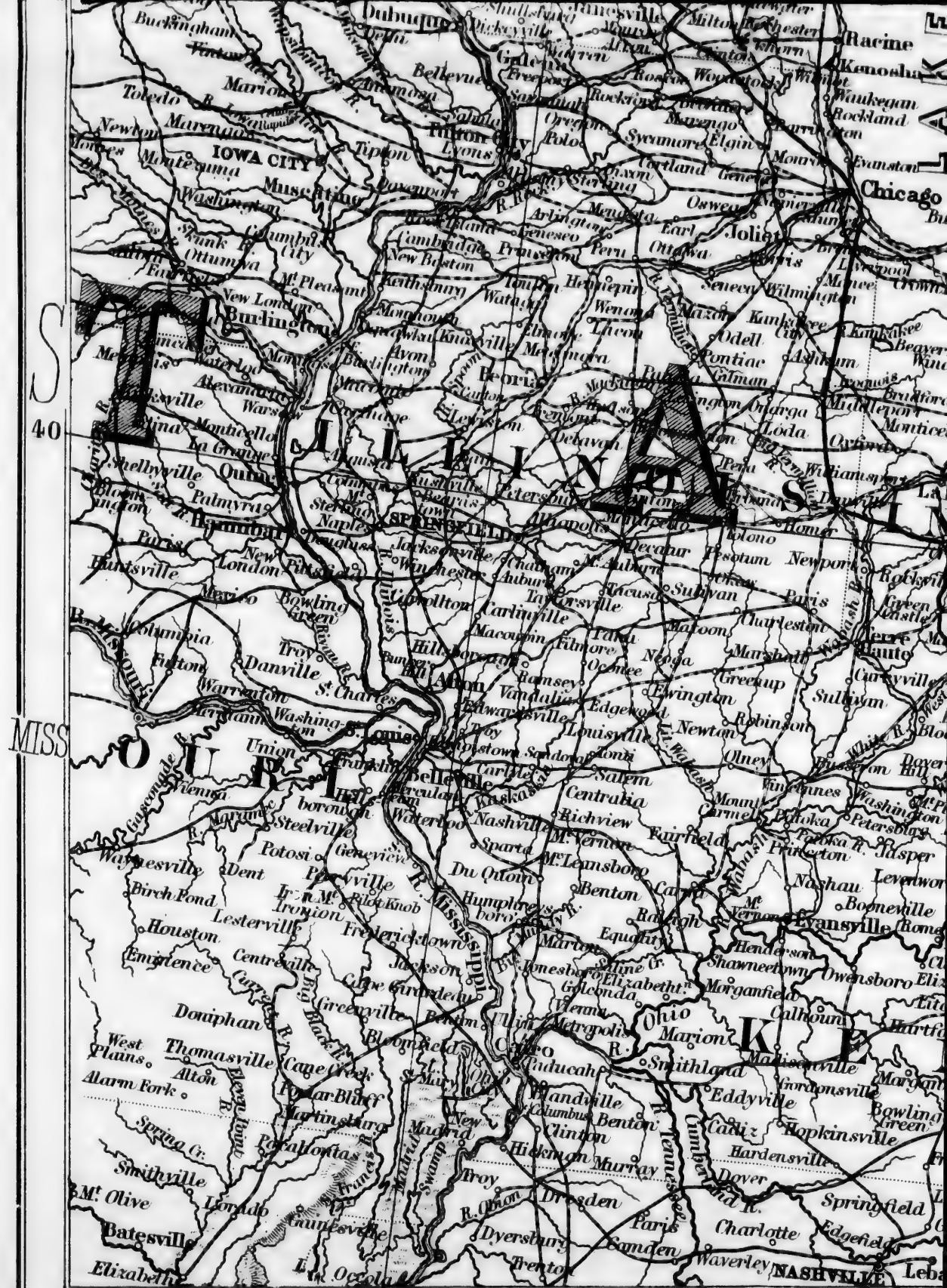
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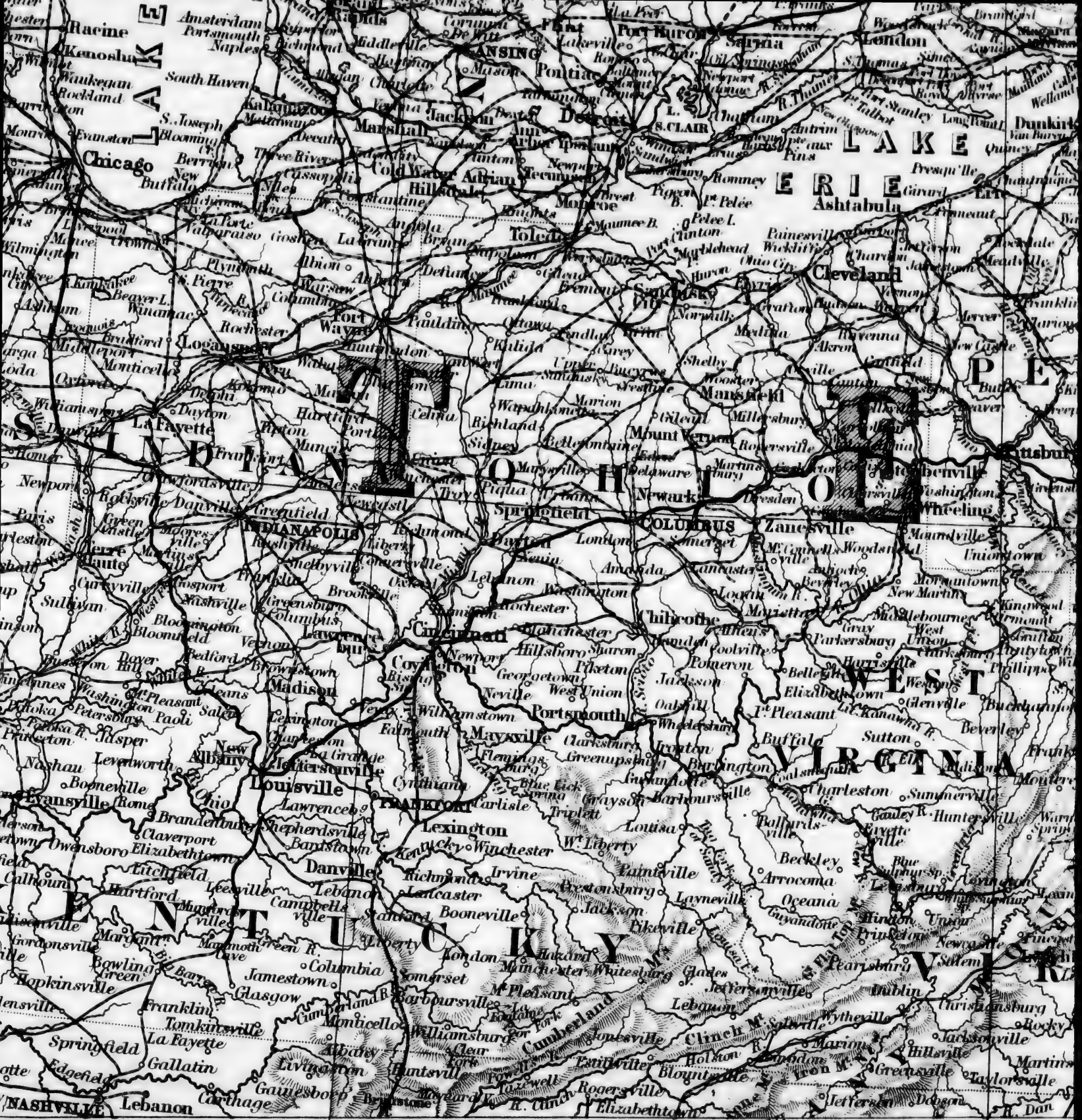




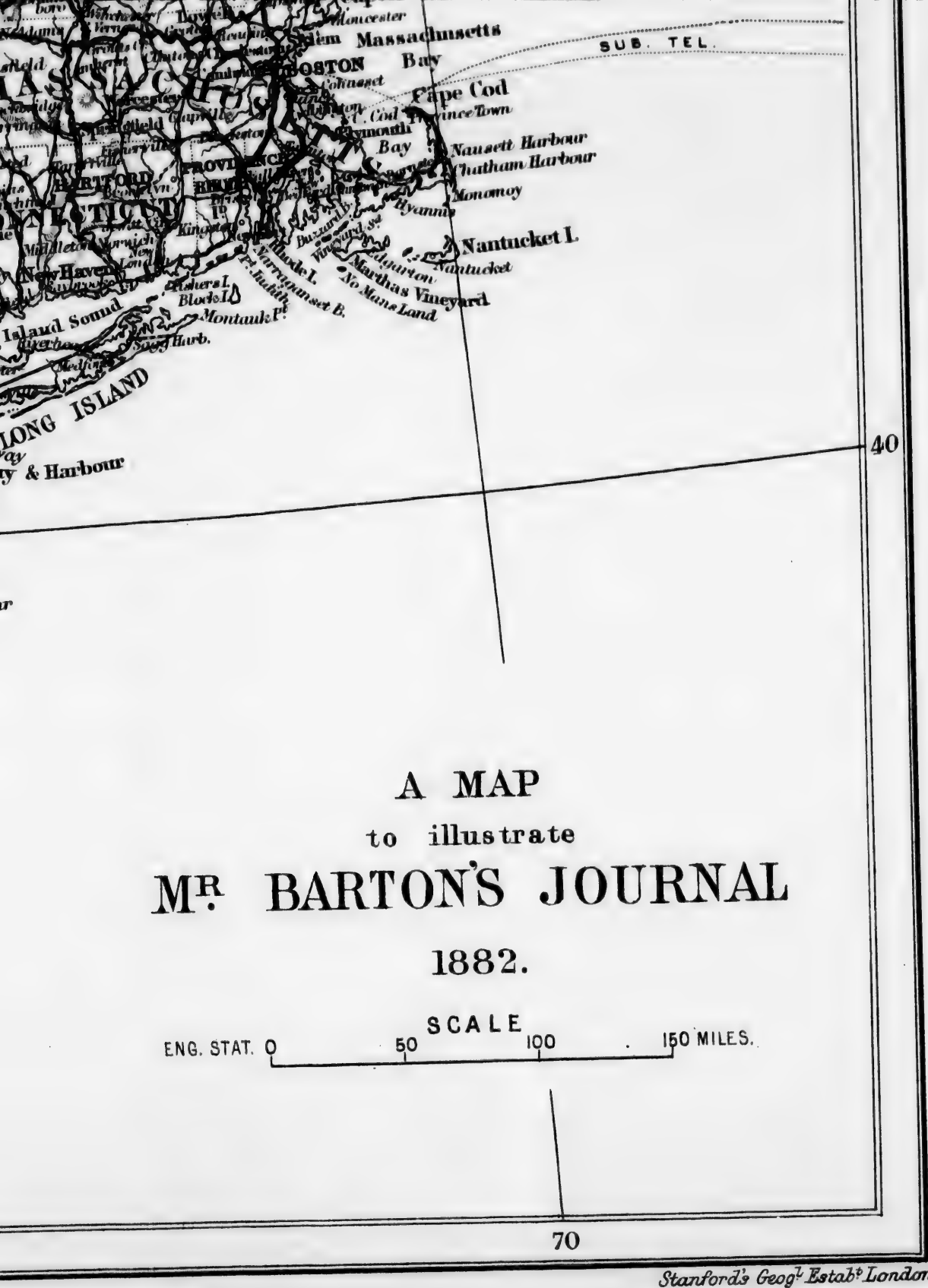




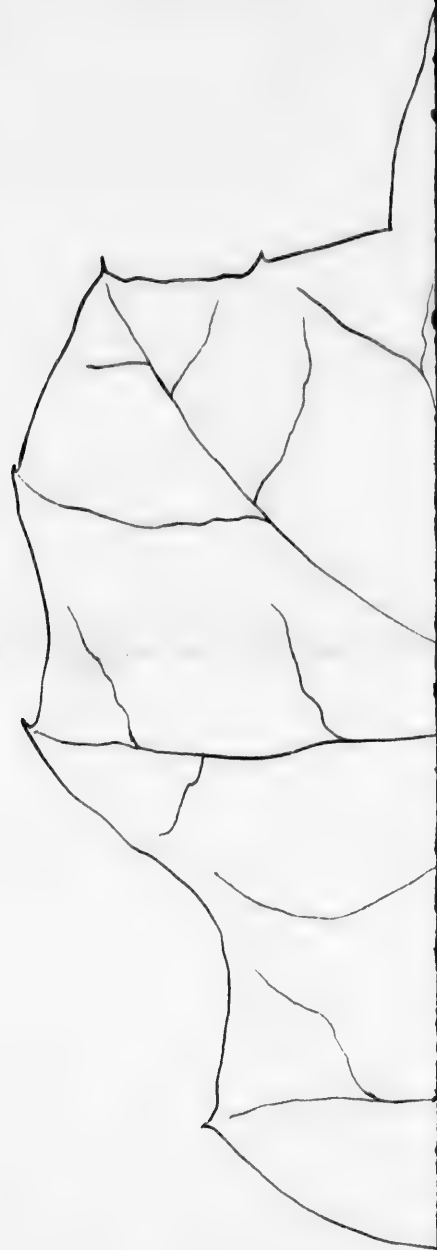


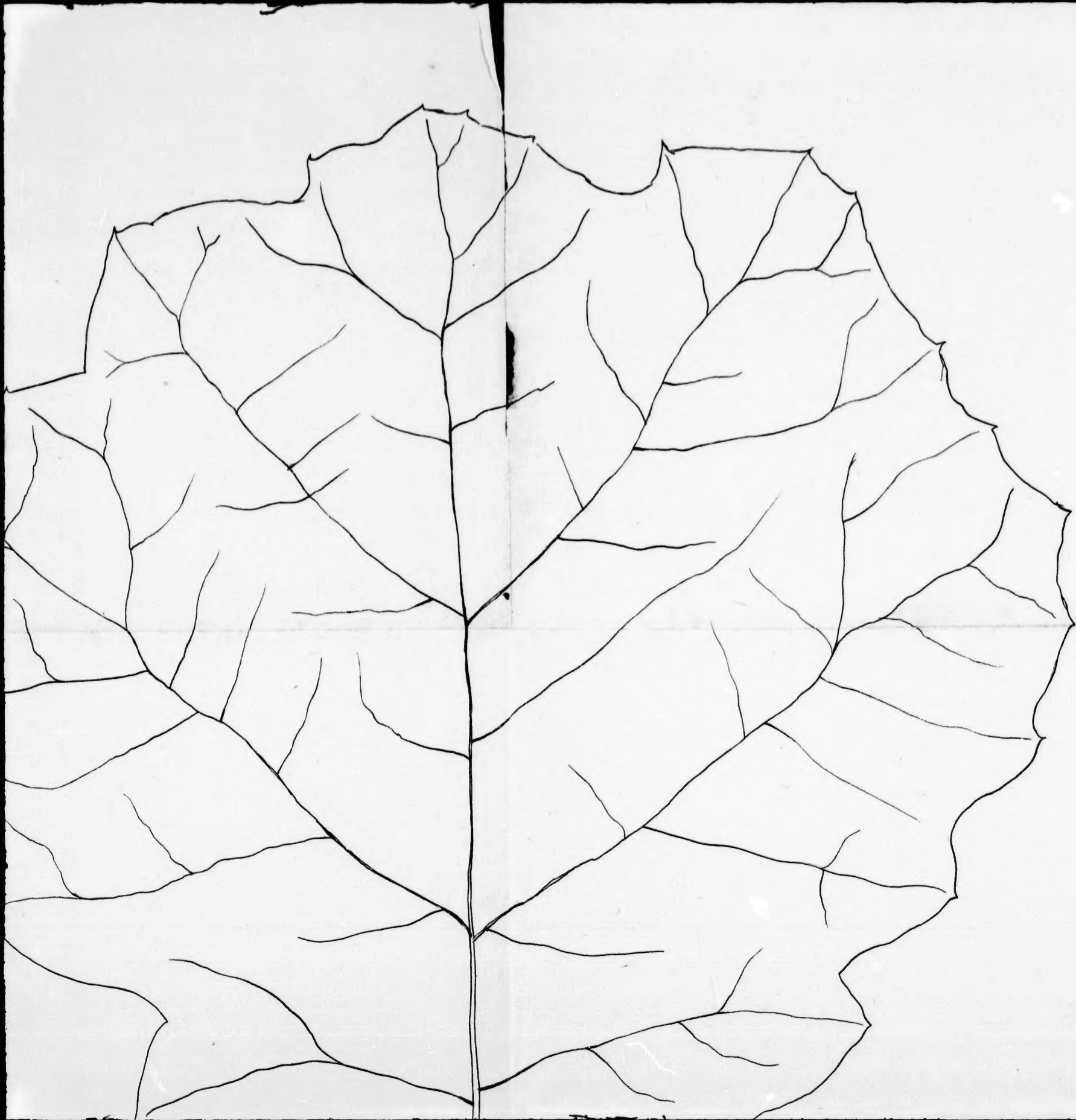








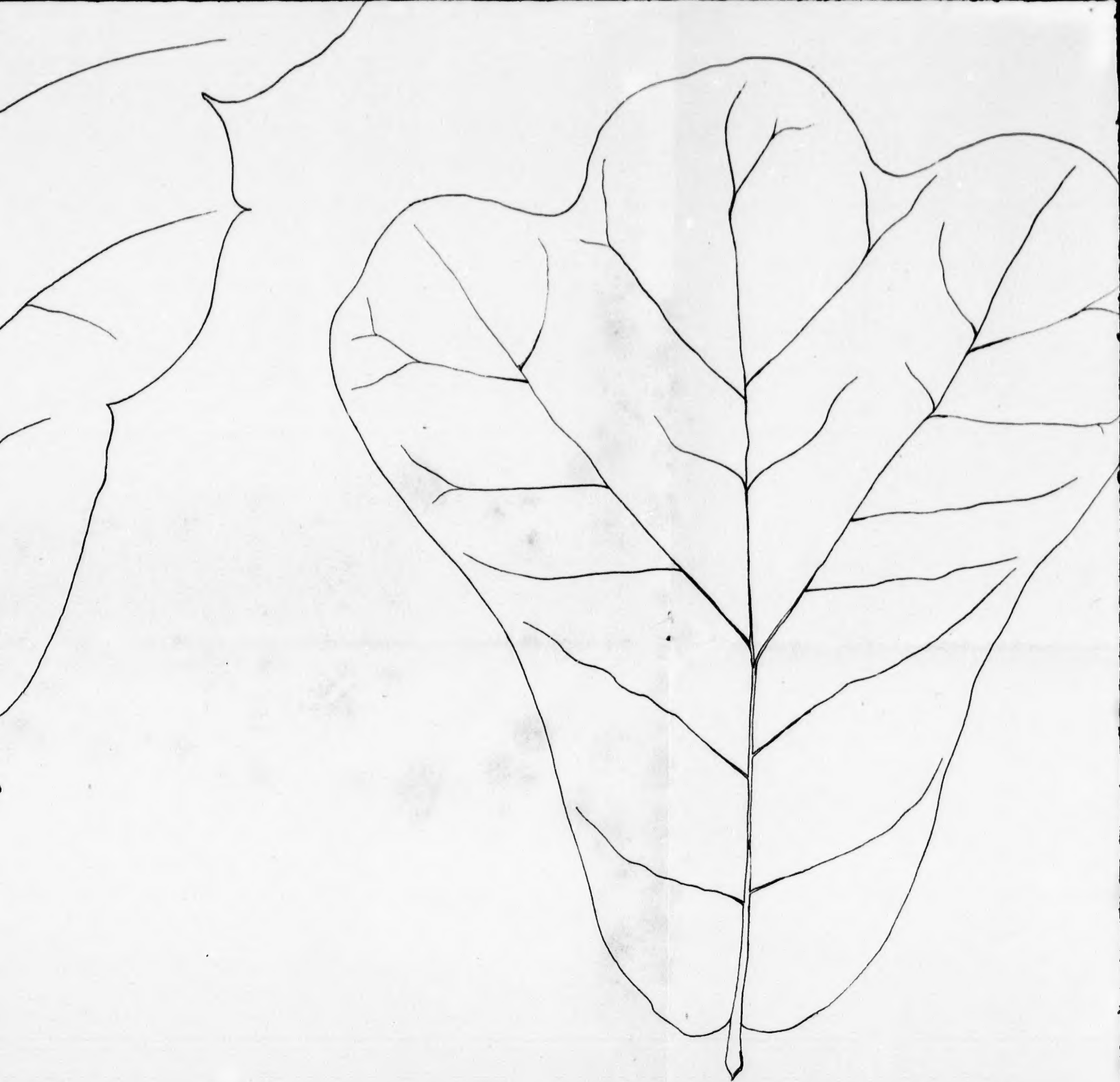






Leaves picked on the way back from the Mammoth Caves, Kentucky. —

Na



Natural Size.

